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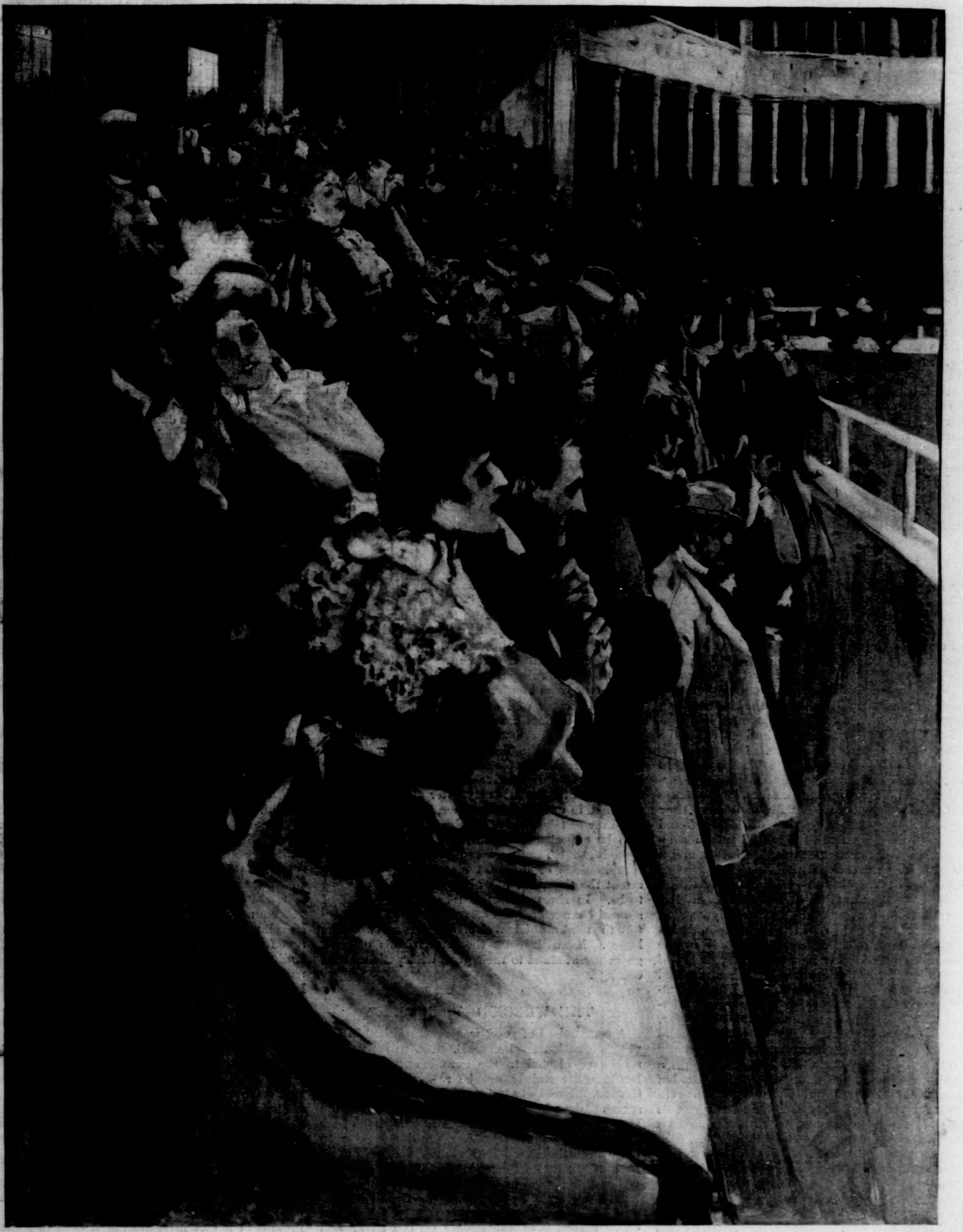

AFTERNOON AT THE HORSE SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.
Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.—[See Page 1088.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-four Pages.)

New York City, November 16, 1895.

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THE DIFFICULTIES OF MUNICIPAL REFORM.

THE victory of Tammany Hall at last week's election, following so closely the great overthrow of last year, affords a striking exhibition of the difficulties which the reform of a thoroughly demoralized municipal government has to contend with, especially in a city like New York, the population of which contains so large a proportion of partly vicious, partly unreasoning and excitable elements. When last year the atrocious villanies of Tammany rule were brought home to the popular mind, large numbers of people became, in many cases for the first time, keenly conscious of the nature of the outrages they had for a long time been suffering, and an uprising ensued which swept along in its current a great many voters who simply resented the wrongs they had endured, but had only a very dim conception of the restraints which, together with its blessings, a government of law would bring them. When they began to feel these restraints, they resented them just as much as the outrageous wrongs from which they had escaped, forgetting the blessings they enjoyed under the new condition of things. And they foolishly expressed this resentment by rushing back to the common enemy against whom they had risen but a year ago.

An examination of the vote to which Tammany Hall owed its victory last week will bear out this diagnosis. The German voters of New York city were last year greatly aroused by the exposures of Tammany wickedness. The corruption prevailing in the Police Department, the blackmailing practised and other outrages perpetrated by members of the police force, stirred the indignation of the Germans more than anything else. Of course they wanted the bribe-taking and the blackmailing to cease. But one of the principal sources of that corruption was the levying of toll on the saloon-keepers for non-enforcement of the Sunday excise law. How was this to be stopped? The police commission found itself confronted by several thousand saloon-keepers accustomed for years to paying bribes, and a corresponding number of policemen accustomed for years to taking bribes—a condition of things which made the situation in this city essentially different from that existing in Brooklyn or in Buffalo. Now, as soon as the police commission began to suppress bribery and blackmail in the police force by ordering a general enforcement of the Sunday law as to the closing of saloons, a loud complaint arose among those same corruption-hating Germans that their personal liberty was interfered with by depriving them of their Sunday beer. Demagogues of the most unscrupulous sort goaded them on day after day, by newspaper appeals and by other means of inflammatory agitation, until a large number of Germans, forgetting their hatred of corruption, and unmindful of the Tammany villanies against which they had risen last year, as well as of the valuable benefits the present honest municipal administration has brought them, foolishly sought the redress of their Sunday-beer grievance under the wing of Tammany Hall.

A similar effect was produced by the eminently successful reform effected in our Street-Cleaning Department, one of the greatest blessings ever conferred upon this city. The streets evidently could not be cleaned and kept clean without the abolition of the truck nuisance, and without the enforcement of strict regulations as to ashes and garbage. Now there is not the slightest doubt that the blessing of clean streets and of an atmosphere unpolluted by filth-miasma is generally felt, especially in the most crowded quarters of the city. But there is just as little doubt that a large number of persons affected in their interests by the indispensable removal of the trucks, or annoyed by the new regulations concerning ashes and garbage, vented their spleen by voting once more for Tammany Hall, and that they induced a great many of their friends to do the same thing. Another class of people similarly influenced were the peddlers, street venders, push-cart men, who, under the Tammany régime, had suffered the most atrocious extortion and other maltreatment at the hands of the police. Yet, when under the new municipal administration they were required to conform to the ordinary regulations and restraints of law, they found it very galling not to be permitted to do in every respect as they pleased, and forgetting what they had suffered before, and that now simple compliance with legal requirements would protect them against all trouble, they sought relief by voting for their old oppressors. It would not at all be surprising if some business men who formerly groaned under the blackmail they had to pay to the police or other Tammany officials for permission to put boxes on the sidewalks or to bridge the gutters, and so on, and who now are obliged simply to comply with the law, had done the same thing.

More surprising was the split in the camp of the anti-Tammany forces themselves, some leaders of the Good Government Clubs taking the ground that Tammany should be fought only by forces united on a principle with which partisan considerations had nothing whatever to do, and that if any combination, however much needed for the purpose of beating Tammany, was formed in a manner not strictly complying with that principle, it was of evil, and must be resisted. The consequence was that their campaign was made rather against the anti-Tammany fusion than against Tammany Hall; and it culminated in a public letter of an eminent divine assailing the best men of the city, the natural leaders of all reform movements, for having made "base alliances" and "mortifying surrenders"—which letter was promptly used by Tammany Hall as a most telling broadside in its favor. The effect of it all was to chill the anti-Tammany fervor, to discredit the anti-Tammany movement, to induce doubting voters either to abstain or to vote directly for Tammany, thus to contribute materially to the Tammany victory, and to plant, also for the future, the seed of discord where hearty co-operation is needed.

All this looks very discouraging; but true reformers have no right to be discouraged. Moreover, there is no real reason for despair. Indeed, Tammany is strengthened by its renewed prestige, and every rascal in the city will work with new hope for its full restoration. But fortunately the present municipal administration will hold power two years longer. If it remains true to its duty, the people of New York city, after having lived in a lawless condition for years, will have time to become accustomed again to a government of law, and to reconcile themselves to its restraints and to appreciate its blessings. There is reason for hoping that a legislative act facilitating the reformation of the police may, after all, be obtained, and that, in one way or another, the Sunday question may be taken out of politics. Everybody may also be expected to understand, on sober second thought, that Tammany can be defeated only by combinations of different elements, such as they are at the time, and not altogether as they ought to be. In short, there is a reasonable prospect of several changes for the better in our situation before the next municipal election comes on two years hence. Meanwhile let the true friends of good government stand to their guns with patience and courage.

THE WRECK OF "BOSSES."

A great deal of good was accomplished in last week's elections. David B. Hill will probably not be re-elected to the Senate, and Calvin S. Brice will certainly not be re-elected, nor will Gibson, the tool of Gorman. This, and more, was accomplished by the overwhelming defeat of the Democratic machines in New York, Maryland, New Jersey, and Ohio. Whether positive good is to come from the Republican victors may be doubtful, but this at least is gained—the men who are responsible for the most recent evils of "bossism" have been condignly punished by their constituents. The wretched record made by the Democratic majority in the Senate on the silver and tariff questions is chargeable to Hill, Murphy, Smith, Brice, and Gorman. Although Hill posed as a tariff-reformer after the overthrow of the Wilson bill in the Senate, his posing did not begin until it was certain that the Sugar Trust had obtained all that it wanted. Smith was an open friend of the trust. Murphy served it under the pretence of fostering the great collar and cuff industry of the city of Troy. Gorman's part in the nefarious business is thoroughly well understood. Brice was a busy, prominent, and effective member of the conspiracy.

All of these, with the possible exception of Murphy, were leaders of the national Democratic party when they compelled the Democratic majority in Congress to violate its party's pledges and break its promises. Murphy's prominence is great too, because he has been at the head of the Democratic State Committee in New York, and he is probably the most influential person in that body to-day. At all events, it was he who was able to defeat Hill's effort to "harmonize" the party in New York city by recognizing the State Democracy in the last State Convention. And he is probably to be counted among the important, if not one of the leading, forces that have brought contempt upon the party that promised so much by defeating Hill and nominating Cleveland in the National Convention of 1892. These men are still leaders in the Democratic party. They have not been displaced. There are no signs as yet that there is any purpose to displace them, although the result of the election may inspire decent Democrats with the courage and energy essential to the redemption of the organization of which they have been so long ashamed, and against which some of them have finally been forced to vote. Gorman, Brice, and Hill—we may omit Smith and Murphy as merely evil superfluities—disgraced their party, angered the country against it, defeated the very Democratic principles in favor of which the people had voted, and the people have fitly punished the party for the bad leadership which it has tolerated.

Hill's defeat is another evidence of an assertion that has been made more than once by the Weekly—that the Democratic machine, under its present leadership, can never again carry an election in this State. New York is done with Hill, unless he repents and reforms; and his colleague, Murphy, is soon likely to be as innocuous in the politics of the commonwealth as his follower Shea, who is awaiting execution for his last performance in the politics of Troy. Other bad men may rise to leadership—we still have Platt with us—but they will not be these men, and if the two parties take advantage of the opportunity which is now offered to them, it will be a long time before New York will see another of its depraved citizens elevated to boss-ship. It is true that experience with our politicians does not inspire the hope that so much good as this will be the result of the recent election, but we are content to point out what may be done, and refrain from prophesying that good will come from either party. The feeling that Hill's career is over will be an immense relief to all good citizens, for with him fall not only Murphy and Sheehan, but eventually Croker's Tammany as a power in State politics.

The fall of Gorman in Maryland is not less important. This result was due to an open revolt of self-respecting Democrats. Moreover, Gorman was chastised for the offences which he has committed as a United States Senator. Hill's local political misdemeanors have been so great that they have partly obscured his career at Washington, and, moreover, he has himself obscured that career with the squirming adroitness which he first manifested in the ward politics of Elmira. The verdict against Gorman was rendered on his stewardship as a Senator, and it is to be hoped that it is a final verdict. The country has been disgraced too long by him. Maryland, we hope, has imposed him upon the nation for the last time, and the Democratic party ought to realize that Gorman's leadership has and will cost it votes when votes can least be spared. In all its history nothing has so become the Democratic party of Maryland as the revolt within its ranks which tumbled this "boss" into the dust. The election of the Republican candidate for Governor by the votes of Democrats, who have shown that they are good citizens before they are partisans, is a Democratic triumph on account of which good men everywhere have reason to take heart for the republic's future.

Not so much cause for rejoicing lies in the defeat of Brice. It is probable that this vulgar figure goes off the public stage forever, except as he may mingle now and then perhaps in the subterranean commerce in which the grossest, and therefore the least dangerous, arts of the politicians find their opportunity. So long as wealth plays so prominent a part in politics as it does in some of our newest States, we are likely to see Brices appearing and disappearing as Senators. Besides, the defeat of Brice means probably the triumph of Foraker, and we have not the power to make the skilful analysis requisite for the determination of the relative demerits of the two.

There is one "boss" who has triumphed greatly. Platt's triumph in New York was no doubt satisfactory to him, but even he must recognize the fact that the people did not vote in his favor, but against Hill and his machine, and that many of the men who helped him to his victory would have been rejoiced if the plague had visited both the rival houses. But Quay's triumph is genuine. By an enormous majority the people of Pennsylvania have declared that they have enjoyed his bad eminence and are proud of his rule. There have been few American public men in the course of our political history who could have remained silent under such accusations of personal dishonor as have been heaped upon Quay, and there seems but little hope of a party that will roll up an enthusiastic majority for one who has. If the defeat of Gorman in Maryland, through the votes of honest Democrats, was a Democratic triumph, what shall be said of a Republican majority of nearly 175,000 in Pennsylvania for Quay? All that is true, and therefore all that is bad, has been said of this triumphant "boss," but what about Pennsylvania, that, alone amid a wreck of "bosses," holds high carnival in his honor?

Another victory cheers good citizens. It is not a victory against "bosses," for Kentucky has the distinction of being free from "boss" rule, but it is a victory for principle won by men who in behalf of principle turned their backs upon party. The Weekly said, during the course of the campaign, "No such victory against free silver can be won as that which Kentucky Democrats can win by defeating Hardin." The Kentucky Democrats have won that victory, and the free-coinage heresy has been overthrown in what has been supposed to be the house of its friends. The credit for this victory for sound money is mainly due to Mr. Carlisle. If the final result shall be the elimination of the wordy and vociferous Blackburn from public life, the country will owe deep and lasting gratitude to the Secretary of the Treasury.

The wreck of "bosses" is a most pleasant spectacle. Unworthy men may have profited by the victories, but they must assume their public offices with the consciousness that the people have shown that partisanship does not wholly dominate American politics, and that a large majority in his State this year does not insure to a "boss" the next election, except perhaps in Pennsylvania, whose political masters are now on their way to Florida, where they will probably arrange for a return to the Senate of Cameron, the gifted ornament of the cause of silver, and the stout henchman of the reigning Quay.

A BAD BALLOT LAW.

The progress of ballot reform in the State of New York is slow and halting. The movement has gone on elsewhere with a directness and rapidity that would have put to shame the lagging statesmen of the commonwealth that boasts of being foremost if they possessed any proneness to shame, and this backwardness here is due to the ascendency of Hill on one side and Platt on the other. In the first instance we had a multiplicity of ballots and the paster. The paster, of course, made voting convenient for those who received instructions from their party bosses, as well as for those who wanted to vote an independent ticket or for candidates of their own selection. The multiplicity of ballots, however, confused the average voter to such an extent that the politicians were forced to acknowledge the potency of the popular impatience by passing a law providing for a blanket ballot.

Honest voters have discovered that this ballot was designed for the promotion of party rascality, as any ballot that is satisfactory to Platt is likely to be. In form it is the blanket ballot; in spirit it secures anything but that which the blanket ballot is supposed to foster and aid. It increases opportunities to sell votes, and it provides the machines with a most effective stumbling-block in the way of independent voting. It is more than likely that we shall soon have the evidence of the evil things perpetrated under this blanket-ballot law at the recent election, but we have known for a long time of the disastrous consequences to honest independence that have resulted from the exaggerated importance which this law gives to party nominations. It is a law for the promotion of party spirit, and in its purview regularity is the supreme political virtue. How has this operated? In the recent campaign the Democratic State Convention declared Tammany Hall to be the regular Democratic organization in the city of New York. By that decision an immense advantage was given to Tammany Hall—an advantage which will not be so great, however, after municipal elections are completely divorced from State and national elections. This year, however, regularity counted against the State Democrats in New York. They were compelled by the courts to have their local ticket printed on the blanket ballot unaccompanied by a State ticket. Democracy means a good deal to many of the men who united with the Committee of Fifty and the Republicans to defeat Tammany, and they were eager to vote for the regular Democratic State ticket. But while the law did not deprive them of the right to do so, it made the doing of it difficult. Tammany was regular, not because the organization was declared to be so by public officers, but because an unofficial State committee, partly of Tammany's creation, asserted that no Democrat in New York city who declined to vote for Tammany scoundrels should be considered a Democrat; that Democracy in the metropolis of the country had been, and should continue to be, synonymous with thieving, blackmailing, and procuring; that there was no place in the regular Democratic organization for any Democrat who would not fellowship with Richard Croker. If this had been a Presidential year, the national Democratic ticket would have been compelled to share the fortunes of the Tammany ticket, just as the Democratic State ticket was this year doomed to the comradeship of Tammany.

Senator Hill used to profess great fear lest any reform of the ballot should indirectly deprive any citizen of his constitutional rights, but here is a law on the statute-books which was deliberately and wickedly intended to make it difficult for any but blind partisans to vote for the candidates of their choice.

A TYPICAL ANARCHIST.

The "enemies of society," as they are called with reason, are generally subjects of criminal pathology. It is not always true, of course, that the socialistic dreamer hates his kind, or that he is dominated by a mean vanity, a corroding jealousy, a sinister discontent with his own relative place in the world. He is often a speculative dreamer, who would level conditions and restrain the abilities of exceptional men in aid of what he hopes would be the general good. But at the bottom of most of the socialism and of nearly if not quite all the anarchy of our time is a mental degeneration that is associated with a malign hostility towards successful men, or a mean feeling that the socialist or anarchist is better than those with whom he is compelled to come in daily and hourly contact, or than his occupation. Perhaps the fundamental symptom of the diseased mind is a dislike for work of any kind, and the consequent lack of that ambition for the possession of power which is the source of much nobility of character, and the achievements of which mark the world's progress in civilization and humanity. They who possess the ambition to make their individualities distinguished and successful are the men of patience, long-suffering, charitableness, and dignity, as well as the men of courage, enterprise, and hope. The men who hate society as it is developing, who become obsessed with a longing to destroy wealth and those who possess wealth, are the anarchists and the advanced socialists, who insist that society shall be governed by the inaptitudes of the weak and the dull.

What is said here is illustrated by the life of Léon Bouteilhe, who recently threw a bomb into the Paris banking-house of the Rothschilds, with the result of wounding the private secretary of one of the family This man turns out to be the weak offspring of married cousins, the mother being also of weak mind. The father was a captain on the general staff of the army of the Commune. Two sisters, older than Léon, seem to be quiet and industrious. They, and not the son, supported the mother after the death of the father. Bouteilhe's career resembles that of Émile Henry. Each of them received part of an education, just enough to make him discontented with the conditions of life for which his character and ability fitted him. Henry failed in his competition for the Polytechnic School, and Bouteilhe failed of admission to the university. Then both of them became working-men, and began to clamor against social conditions that doomed them to such a fate. Henry thought that the bourgeoisie ought not to be permitted to live. Bouteilhe stuffed his weak mind full of the wretched outpourings of the anti-Semitic press, and acquired an insane hatred of the rich Jewish financiers.

Hatred of the rich was not, however, a single passion. He despised the work that he was compelled to do, for he believed that he was above it. He despised his fellow-working-men, for he considered himself as better born and better educated than they. This feeling of personal superiority on the part of many of those who long to pull down the social structure to a level with their own incapacities is one of the striking phenomena of this form of mental disorder. Bouteilhe thought that he was born to better things, and many a would-be aristocrat like him turns out an anarchist because of the failure of his aristocracy to gain recognition. He felt that his work was degrading, and that those who were set above him ought to be beneath him. He conceived the idea that he should live in idleness, like the rich and the titled, of whom he was madly jealous, and he denounced the industrious shopkeepers as "swine." He hugged these contemptible passions, and they grew to have a complete possession of him. He was convinced that the world was upside down. If he had been born rich, he might have killed himself with excesses, but he would never have been heard of as a social reformer, and he would never have taken the trouble to think of the shopkeepers as "swine," except when they chanced to dun him. As it was, he finally determined to kill a rich banker. In this way, at least, he could call attention to himself, and compel society to admit that it might have made a mistake in turning into a working-man one who was born to better things. He made his bomb, and sent it to a Rothschild, with the result that is known. For his partly unsuccessful attempt he has been sentenced to prison for three years.

This is the story of an anarchist. All anarchists are not so mean as he, but at the foundation of most of the socialism and anarchy in the world are the mean passions and the gross ignorance which were so well defined in Bouteilhe.

THE RADICAL PROGRAMME IN FRANCE.

There is no time when the political situation in France is not a matter of interest to the people of the United States. It is especially interesting at the present time, as the radical programme put forward by M. Bourgeois for his new ministry illustrates the tendencies of Socialist legislation, of which we also have had some experience, and of which we may expect further experience.

Among the measures which a radical ministry proposes are a progressive probate duty and a general income tax, "to correct the anti-democratic inequalities of the general fiscal system." It will also support a proposition for working-men's pensions, and "will undertake, without interfering with the economic régime, to defend the agriculturists against certain international speculations, and to regulate international speculations in gold-mines."

All of these are interesting experiments, which we should prefer seeing tried on France or on any other nation rather than on ourselves. Their scheme embraces not merely the ideas of our income-tax friends and sub-treasury Populists, but also unites in a harmonious if incongruous gathering the Collectivists of England, the Socialists and Agrarians of Germany, and the autocratic German Emperor himself. There is not one of the Bourgeois propositions which has not already been put forward by some extremist in politics.

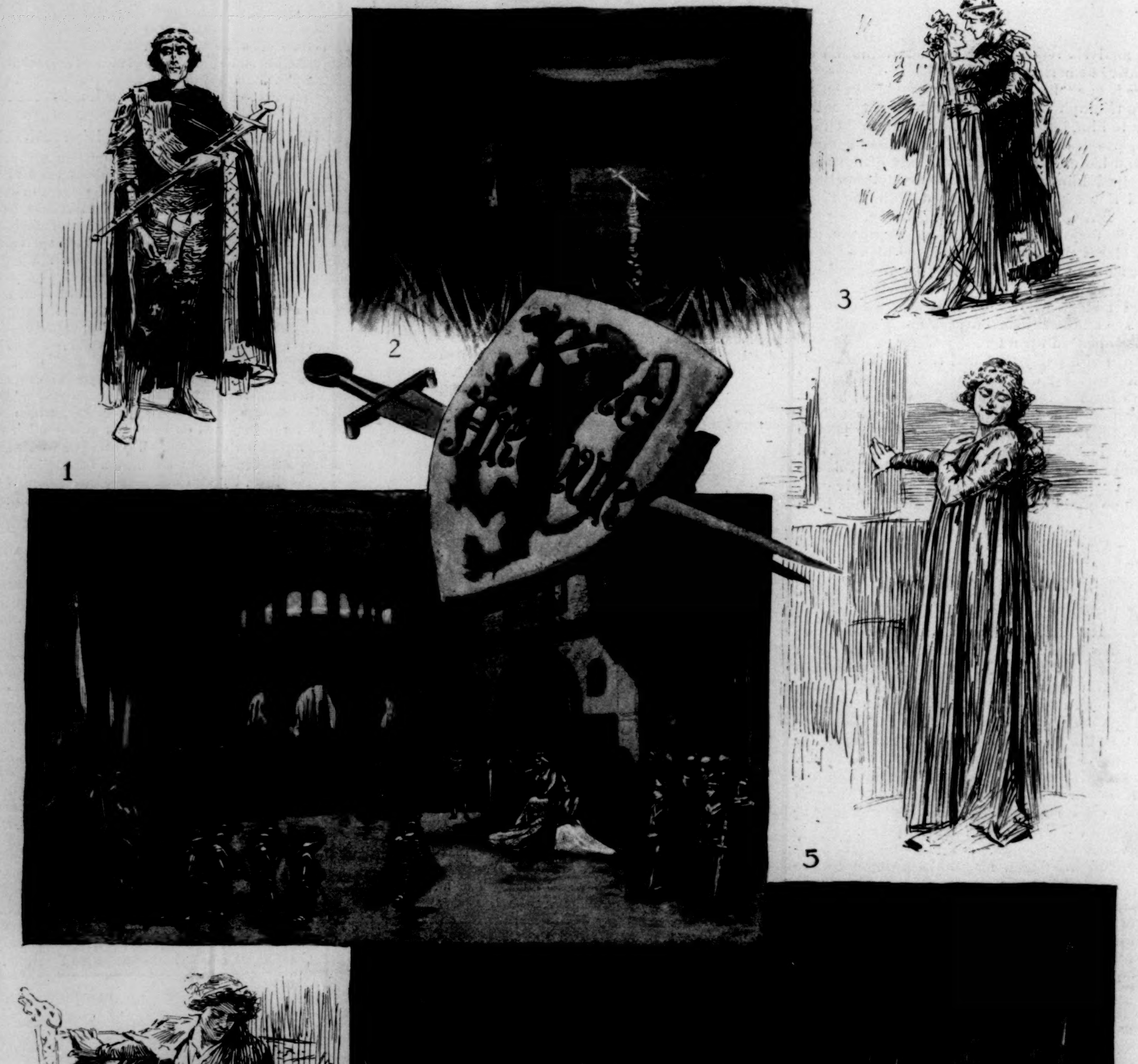
All these measures of paternalism and despotism are so foreign to the instincts of American republicanism that we may well wonder at their acceptance by the representatives of republicanism in France. But the French do not understand popular government as we understand it, and what seems incongruous to us only seems logical and natural to them. Our idea of government of the people, by the people, and for the people is that the government shall undertake no function that can be done by private agency, that the power shall be left in the hands of the people. The French idea is that as long as the government represents the people instead of a dynasty it may retain all power and exercise all functions of the most despotic monarchy. The changes of government in France since the Revolution have been mere transfers of authority from one administration to another, without any diminution of the powers of the government. The strongly centralized system of rule established by Napoleon has been adhered to as strictly under the republics as under the monarchies. The most sincere republicans do not think of changing the system. They merely wish to place it in the hands of representatives of the people, for what they think conducive to the general welfare.

ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION.

Three great British scientific societies are agreed that it is the duty of the British government to fit out an expedition for thorough antarctic exploration. In November, 1893, the Royal Geographical Society appointed a notable committee to inquire into the propriety of such an expedition and report. They reported in favor of having the government send two suitable vessels to explore the south polar regions, and keep them at it for three years. The report was adopted and transmitted to the Royal Society, which in turn appointed a powerful committee, which in May, 1894, reported strongly in favor of the scheme. At the beginning of the present year the council of the British Association gave the plan its vigorous endorsement, and it doubtless took further action on it at its recent annual meeting in September. The plan of Dr. John Murray, of the *Challenger*, who addressed the Royal Geographical Society on the subject two years ago, was to send out two suitable government steamships of about 1000 tons each, have them start in September, land a company of about ten men somewhere south of Cape Horn and another in Victoria Land, and have these parties spend two years or more ashore, exploring the antarctic continent. The ships would land the shore parties the first summer, visit them the second, and take them off the third, and would spend their own winters and all their other available time in deep-sea and other observations along the outer margin of the antarctic ice.

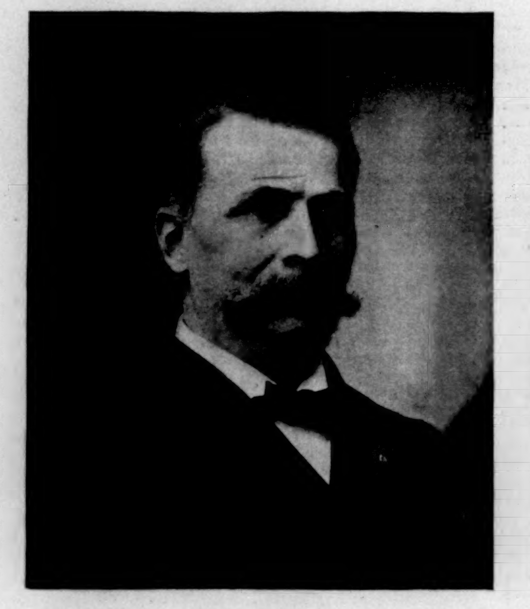
What may be found on the antarctic continent no man can say. Animal life in abundance was found last year at Cape Adair by Mr. C. E. Borchgrevink, a young Norwegian, who sailed there as one of the crew of a whaler, and whose account of his experiences excited great interest at a recent geographical congress in London. Mr. Borchgrevink wants to go back, and writes to the London *Times* pressing for "further and immediate research within the antarctic circle." It is held to be possible that a new race of men may exist somewhere within hail of the south pole, and that such creatures as the ichthyosaurus may still survive in the antarctic seas. Seals and sea-birds are abundant there; what else no one can say; but many inquisitive persons want to know.

Our countryman Dr. Frederick Cook greatly desired to fit out an American south polar expedition to start out this fall and catch the next antarctic summer, but his efforts in that direction seem not yet to have come to anything. Perhaps he will do better another year; but, at any rate, there seems a real prospect that a serious attempt to find out whatever can be known about the antarctic continent will be made before the present century ends.

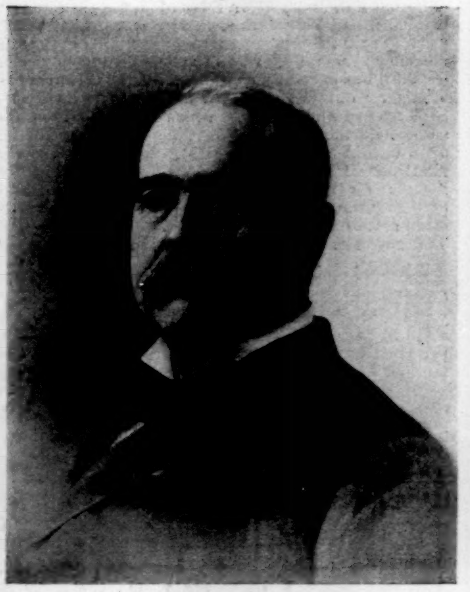


SCENES FROM HENRY IRVING'S PRODUCTION OF "KING ARTHUR" AT ABBEY'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.
DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 1085.]

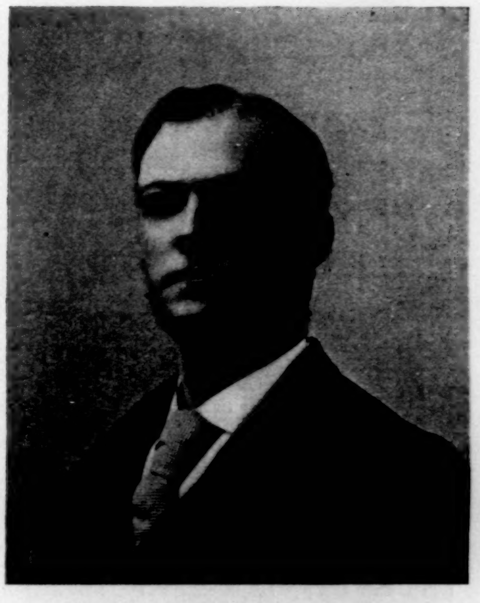
1. Henry Irving as King Arthur. Act I. 2. The Magic Mere—The Prologue. 3. Guinevere and Lancelot. 4. The Great Hall, Camelot. Act I. 5. Ellen Terry as Queen Guinevere. Act III. 6. Ellen Terry. Act I. 7. Finale. Act III. 8. Mordred kills Arthur. 9. The Passing of Arthur.



ASA S. BUSHNELL,
Governor-Elect of Ohio.—From a Photograph by Landy.



GENERAL F. M. DRAKE,
Governor-Elect of Iowa.

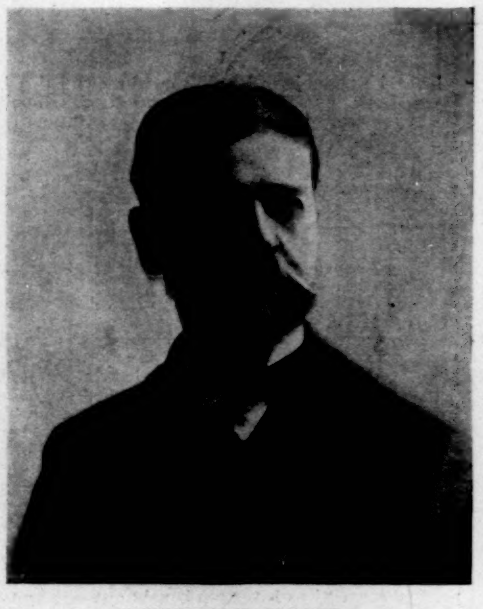


HEBER M. WELLS,
Governor-Elect of Utah.

SEVEN GOVERNORS-ELECT.

There were elections in thirteen States on the 5th of November, and the Republicans made material gains in all directions. In New York, when this was written, the plurality of the Republican candidate for Secretary of State appeared to be over 90,000, with the probability that the full returns would carry the plurality to 100,000. In Pennsylvania the vote was not large, but the Republican majority was proportionately larger than usual; the same thing may be said of the vote in Massachusetts, where Governor Greenhalge was re-elected. With the exception of New York, where the Democratic vote was divided by dissensions within the party and by the effort to beat Tammany in New York city, the greatest interest of the day was in the contests in Maryland, New Jersey, and Kentucky. Each of these has always been counted safely, indeed surely, Democratic, yet all of them went Republican at this election. In each State the issues which caused Republican success were different. In Maryland the Democrats were heartily tired of the domination of Senator Gorman; in Kentucky the Democratic Convention declared against a silver standard of money, but Hardin, the nominee for Governor, repudiated the platform, and in the campaign advocated the free coinage of silver; in New Jersey the Democratic party, long in the ascendency, had fallen into the hands of machine politicians who imitated the methods of Tammany. These things caused so many Democrats to refrain from voting or to vote for the Republican candidates that the Republicans were able to win these unaccustomed victories.

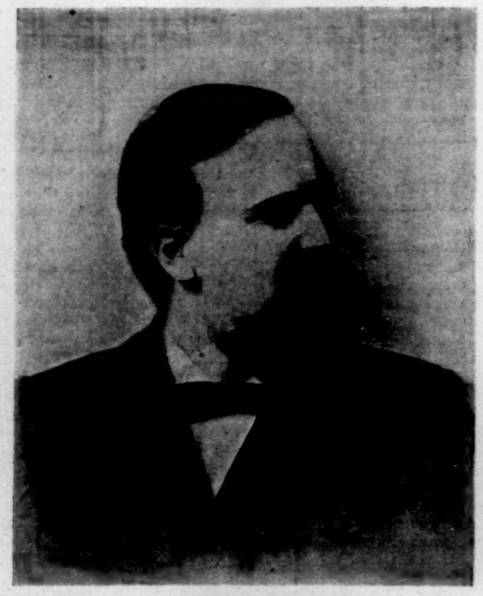
All during the war and until now New Jersey has remained Democratic, though now and again the Legislature has been Republican. Mr. John W. Griggs, the successful candidate, was born in Sussex County forty-six years ago, and has been a man of note in the State for twenty years. He was graduated from Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania, in 1865, and immediately studied law. When he was admitted to the bar he began practice in Paterson, which has continued to be his home. He at once identified himself with the Republican party, and in 1875 was elected to the Legislature. Serving in the same Assembly was Alexander T. McGill, now Chancellor of New Jersey, and Mr. Griggs's opponent in the recent election. A warm personal friendship grew up between the two men, and the contest that is just over was not suffered to interrupt it. In this Assembly Mr. Griggs gave conspicuous assistance in shaping the legal code of the State, which by reason of frequent changes had become somewhat tangled and complicated. He was re-elected to the next Assembly, which was the stormiest session ever known in New Jersey. The next year he was again a candidate, but was defeated. In 1879 he was appointed City Counsel of Paterson, and served in that office four years. In 1882 he was elected to represent Passaic in the State Senate. He served a term of three years, and was re-elected. In 1886 he was President of the Senate. He declined a third election, preferring to give all of his time to his profession. It was in the practice of his profession that last year he attracted to himself the notice of all the Republicans in New Jersey. He was the counsel for the Republican Senators in their efforts to organize the Senate and establish the principle of the continuity of that body. Last winter Governor Werts offered him a place on the Supreme Court Bench, but he declined. Mr. Griggs was not the choice of the Republican politicians when he was nominated for Governor, but he attracted to his support the party men who had no selfish objects in view. The strength that he developed as the time for holding the convention drew near was a great surprise to the political manipulators. His nomination in such a way was a presage of victory at the polls. His plurality is something like 27,000 over Chancellor McGill, a man of great ability and irreproachable character. This has happened in a State where the normal Democratic plurality is 15,000. There is already on foot in New Jersey a scheme to reorganize the Democratic party and relieve the present bosses from control.



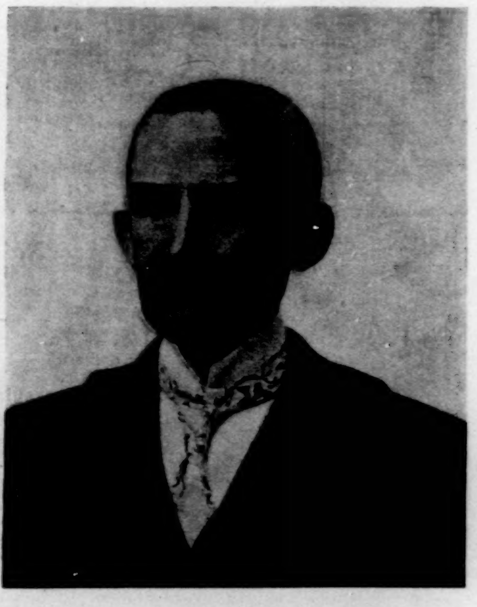
FREDERICK W. WURSTER,
Mayor-Elect of Brooklyn.—[See Page 1084.]

The Democratic Convention in Maryland to nominate a candidate for Governor was held on the 31st of July. Senator Gorman dictated the nomination of Mr. John E. Hurst, a merchant of Baltimore. There was nothing particular against Mr. Hurst as a man, but he was bitterly opposed by a strong minority in the convention because he was Senator Gorman's candidate. This opposition was transferred from the convention to the canvass, and it has been quite apparent for weeks past that Senator Gorman and his candidate had a "hard row to hoe." The Republican candidate, Mr. Lloyd Lowndes, who has been elected by a plurality which Senator Gorman says surprised him, is one of the most noted lawyers in the State, a man of wealth, conspicuous in affairs, and of distinguished lineage. Two Colonial Governors of Maryland are among his ancestors, while in more recent times his grandfather and father were men of substance and position. He was born in 1845, and was educated at Washington College and Alleghany College in Pennsylvania. He studied law at the University of Pennsylvania, and when he was graduated, in 1867, went to Cumberland, Maryland, where he has continued to practice and to live. He has always been an earnest and active Republican, and in 1872 was elected to Congress by a majority of 1700 in a district which two years before had gone the other way by 1500 votes. For the next Congress he was defeated by a small plurality. Mr. Lowndes has not held office since, but his name has often been mentioned for the office to which he has just been elected. He is president of a national bank in Cumberland, and is interested in several of the coal, iron,

A. J. McLAURIN,
Governor-Elect of Mississippi.—From a Photograph by Bell.



W. O. BRADLEY,
Governor-Elect of Kentucky.



LLOYD LOWNDES,
Governor-Elect of Maryland.—From a Photograph by Bendann

mining and milling companies of his section. Mr. Lowndes is about fifty years old.

Kentucky has always been so safely Democratic that until after the election in the autumn of 1894 the Democratic managers thought that they could elect whomsoever they chose. That lesson was not severe enough for them, it seems, for last summer, after adopting a sound-money platform, they nominated for Governor General Wat Hardin, who held that the free-coinage theories of Senator J. C. S. Blackburn were sound. During the campaign, which has been the hottest that Kentucky has experienced since before the war, General Hardin persisted in maintaining these theories, which his party in convention had declared to be heretical. In all the business centres there was an apparent disposition on the part of Democrats to refrain from voting, or to cast their ballots for Colonel William O. Bradley, the Republican candidate. Sanguine Democrats in Kentucky expressed a belief that this dissatisfaction was "all talk," and that on election day the Democrats would be found in line. But they were mistaken. Colonel Bradley has been elected by a plurality of 10,000 — it may be 15,000. The normal Democratic plurality in Kentucky is 40,000, and this is the first time that it has been overcome by a Republican candidate for Governor. Colonel Bradley ran for Governor once before, seven years ago, and then he reduced the Democratic majority considerably, though the candidate, General S. B. Buckner, was a man of distinction, ability, and high character. This indicated that Colonel Bradley was a popular man; but he is more than that, he is a most skilful politician. Besides his ability as a politician he has what is indispensable in a candidate in Kentucky—a rare capacity for public speaking. In his method of addressing an audience at a political meeting he is at once aggressive and conciliatory, so that he makes friends of his enemies by the boldness of his attacks, and binds these to him by his lack of vindictiveness in following up his assaults. He is said in Kentucky to be the best "vote-getter" known in that section since John C. Breckinridge was in his youth. Colonel Bradley is about forty-five years old, and a native of Madison County. When he grew to manhood he was a Democrat by inheritance. The depredations of the "Ku-klux-klan" in his section of Kentucky moved him to join an organization in opposition to that lawless band. This led him to join the Republican party, though at that time it was in a hopeless minority in his State. He became prominent in the party, however, and ran for Congress once or twice. He has been a delegate to the Republican National Conventions of late years, and also a member of the National Committee. Mr. Harrison offered him a foreign mission, but he declined it. Colonel Bradley is an excellent *raconteur*, and enlivens his speeches with frequent anecdotes. When this was written the complexion of the Kentucky Legislature was in doubt, with the chances in favor of the Republicans.

In Ohio the Republicans elected the Governor and both branches of the Legislature. This assures the defeat of Senator Brice, the friend of Gorman and Hill, when he comes up for re-election. The Democrats placed in nomination for Governor, against his earnest protest, ex-Governor Campbell. The Republicans nominated General Asa S. Bushnell, a manufacturer of agricultural machinery at Springfield. He was elected by more than 100,000 plurality. General Bushnell was born in Oneida County, New York, in 1834, and went to Springfield, which has since been his home, in 1851. He was a clerk in a dry-goods store for some time. In the war he had a company of infantry, and served in several campaigns in Virginia. In 1867 he became a partner in the manufacturing firm of Warder, Mitchell, & Co., of which he is still a member. He is a man of large fortune, and has been chairman of the Republican State Committee. His military title was acquired as Quartermaster-General of Ohio.

Mississippi went Democratic by 50,000 plurality, and elected Anselm Joseph McLaurin Governor. Mr. McLaurin was born in Rankin County, Mississippi, in 1848, and was educated at the country schools and the Summerville (Mississippi) Institute. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1868. As a criminal lawyer he early won local distinction. He served four years, from 1871 to 1875, as District Attorney, and in 1879 was elected to the State Legislature. In 1890 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention of his State. When Mr. Walthall resigned from the United States Senate, in 1894, Mr. McLaurin was chosen for the unexpired term of thirteen months.

In Utah there was an election on the question of Statehood, and also for State officers. Nearly all the votes cast were in favor of Statehood. Both of the candidates for Governor are members of the Mormon Church, the Democratic candidate, Mr. John T. Caine, being a convert to the faith, while the Republican candidate, Mr. Heber M. Wells, was bred in it, having been born in Salt Lake, of Mormon parents, in 1859. The Populist candidate is also a member of the Mormon Church. The election was quite close, and when this paper went to press the result was slightly in doubt, though the chances seemed all in favor of the Republican candidate. Mr. Wells has been City Collector of Salt Lake, and was a member of the Constitutional Convention.

In Iowa the Republicans carried the State by a very large majority, and elected General Francis M. Drake, of Centreville, to be Governor. General Drake, who is about sixty-five years old, was a Whig in his early manhood. He voted, however, for John C. Fremont for President, and has been a Republican ever since. He was an officer in the army during the war, and won distinction in the field. After the war he became a merchant, but owing to trouble from a wound he gave up this pursuit and studied law, which he has practised for nearly thirty years. He has also been engaged in railway building, and has acquired a fortune.

THE MAYOR-ELECT OF BROOKLYN.

THE recent election in Brooklyn was complicated as to its issues and very close in its results. Mr. Schieren was elected Mayor two years ago as a Republican, with the endorsement of all of the organizations favoring reform. This year Mr. Edward M. Grout was nominated by the Democrats, and Mr. Frederick W. Wurster by the Republicans. Mr. Grout had been a partner of Judge William J. Gaynor, and was prominent in the prosecution of McKane, the convicted boss of Gravesend. It may have been thought that this would conciliate the reformers among the Democrats, but it did not; so Mr. Edward M. Shepard was put in nomination by the reformers. Mr. Shepard had also been prominent in the prosecution of McKane and in the reform movement generally. When the lines became more closely drawn it was generally considered that the election of Mr. Wurster would be construed as an endorsement of Mr. Schieren's administration, of which Mr. Wurster was a part, as he held the office of Fire Commissioner. Mr. Shepard's candidacy, it was thought, would draw votes from Mr. Grout. It may have done so, but Mr. Wurster is of opinion that Mr Shepard got as many Republican as Democratic votes, and therefore did him harm. The total vote stood: Wurster, 77,527; Grout, 75,313; Shepard, 8891. This gave Mr. Wurster a plurality of 2214. Mr. Schieren was elected by a plurality of 31,657.

Mr. Wurster, the successful candidate, was born in North Carolina, of German parents, in 1850. When he was seven years old his parents moved to Brooklyn. He was educated in the public schools, and went into business as a principal when he was twenty years old. He is a manufacturer of axles, and is prosperous in his affairs. He is a director in several financial institutions, and is president of the Hanover Club. Fire Commissioner under Mayor Schieren is the only public office he ever held.

LIFE AND LETTERS

LAST week I came near suggesting the disuse of the written drama altogether, and the substitution of the comedy of art, as affording freer scope to the actor. This was in a moment of despair with the plays I had been seeing, and of delight with the players; and I hope the reader will not find it unreasonable, however illogical, if I wish him this week to consider some aspects of the written drama, quite as though it were not about to give place at once to the comedy of art.

I.

Several reasons have been given why our fiction has never been able to deal with our political life as English fiction has dealt with English political life. It has been urged that our political life is not good society; that the love-interest which must enter so largely into fiction shrinks from the primaries; that the politicians are a dull lot, when they are not blackguardly; that our women know nothing and care nothing about our politics; that the political novel would therefore be without the great novel-reading public, and so on, and so on. The bold plunge of the scholar into politics has not materially improved the situation for the fictionist, or the fictionist has not been equal to his opportunities with this new figure; or else the scholar has not really gone into politics. It is hard to imagine him there; and such efforts as have been made to do so have not yet resulted in any such novel of political life as any one in or out of it has cared to read.

It is all the more impressive, then, to find our dramatists robustly grappling with material which our novelists have not been able or willing to handle; and I have lately been seeing two political plays with a great deal of admiration for the pluck, to say the least, that the authors show in them. I have had the satisfaction of seeing a United States Senator in love on the stage, as I suppose United States Senators sometimes really are in life; I have been shown political fathers and political mothers; I have witnessed the most open and flagrant instances of that political corruption which has long secretly appalled me; political conventions have been bought and sold by telegraph within my hearing; I have been privy to the nefarious suppression in committee of most righteous measures; I have known an eloquent young Congressman silenced by the agent of a coal-region railroad when he had a speech for free coal almost on his lips; a superhuman effort of virtue has carried a bill for the recognition of Cuban belligerency (it may have been independence) over the President's veto under my very eyes. If all this, and much other fact of the same kind was not a picture of our political life, one might well ask what would be. Certainly it was very effective; it was often amusing; it was often undeniably dramatic.

II.

Perhaps it was too dramatic. There is such a thing, if the word theatrical has a meaning; and I fancied that a real politician, seeing such a picture of our political life on the stage, might make it some such reproach, and in so far accuse it of being untrue. For myself, I have been so little in politics that I ought not to express an opinion, and yet I cannot help saying that the pictures of political life I have been seeing in the theatre were not convincing. The affair seemed to me, in each case, something that had not happened, though it was made up of things that are often happening in a different way, and on different terms. In fact, a good many of the details in both pieces struck me as very like life. They had a great deal of novelty, too; both authors and actors had gone to nature for them, and the effect was delightful in these fortunate moments. Of course there were other details which were false and faded, but mainly the artificiality was in the whole conception.

The plays professed to represent a certain phase of our civilization, and there is no doubt but that the authors and actors, both, wished to represent it, and tried faithfully to do so. Are the conditions of the drama so unfriendly to the truth, then, that in spite of all their well-meaning, the picture affected one as untrue? They meant each of them, these admirably intentioned plays, to expose the corruptions of our political life, which, unless our fondness has been abused by the newspapers, is very dire indeed; but the exposure was so contrived that one could not only not believe it took place, but began even to doubt the corruption, and to regard any exposure as libellous.

Yet, without doubt, there is a lobby in Washington, and without doubt the bosses manipulate nominating conventions, even national conventions. In one of the plays I am speaking of it was very fitly imagined that the lobby should try to work a sterling young Congressman through his pretty wife's passion for social success; but it did not seem to me fitly imagined that the lobby incarnate should make guilty love to the wife, and at the same time cow the husband with threats of defeating his re-election until he consented to the suppression of his free-coal bill, and practically connived at the addresses of his wife's lover. The tenderest desire to see his wife get on in society would scarcely come to this effort with the average husband, and so far from sympathizing with this husband's belated indignation, when it arrived, I merely felt that in the mean time he ought to have been kicked, and that he could not possibly, except for the author's interference, retrieve himself in his wife's eyes. In like manner there was something new and sweet in the personal kindness of the priest and presbyter who sank their enmity as Catholic and Protestant to join in defeating the personal and political machinations of the lobby; but it was more than I could have asked that the persecuted wife should be the daughter of the priest by a marriage of his Protestant days which that very lobby had ruined.

In the other play, where a bad, black-hearted Senator plotted the political disaster of his friend, and was willing to play into the hands of the English ambassador and Spanish minister in order to defeat his bill for the recognition of Cuba and so keep up the price of sugar, I found no great probability in the fact, though I could not deny that it was possible. But when it appeared that this Senator had been saved from a drunkard's fate and set on the high-road to political success by the friend he was trying to knife, I lost faith even in the lavish use of money in the national convention, and the purchase of delegates by the score. In fine, I perceived in both cases that I had been given too much to believe. The facts cumbered my faith, and I had to take my previous convictions in both hands to keep them from giving way under the strain. It is with the greatest difficulty that I can now persuade myself there is any corruption whatever in our political life; and if it were not for the constant testimony of the newspapers, I am afraid that I should not be able to do so.

Is it probable, then, that such plays will cause others to reject altogether, and in spite of the newspapers, their belief in our political wickedness simply by overloading them with the proofs of it? Oddly enough, that was not the effect with the public, so far as I could verify it, in the presence of either of the plays I saw. At one, an old gentleman who sat next me said, That was the kind of play we ought to have, and he was glad to have the crookedness of our politics shown up. I said I was glad too; and I could not go on and spoil his pleasure by suggesting that perhaps our political villany did not take just those obvious and simple forms; that, as I had been told by people conversant with the iniquities of Washington, it was much oftener an exchange of favors, a trade, a deal between the politicians themselves, and that the lobby, however bold and shameless, perhaps never appeared in quite the complex wickedness of that agent of the coal-region railroad.

At the other play, in like manner people were enjoying the treacherous knifing of the good Senator by the bad Senator with the same simple faith in the means and motives supplied by the dramatist; or so it seemed. But perhaps it was not so Perhaps this acquiescence was part of the make-believe which constitutes a play, and which the spectator must share in, if the play is to go. In the play I speak of the make-believe was that our conditions are all good, but that our propensities and ambitions are often so bad that it requires the greatest care in the poet and the noblest integrity in his hero to frustrate them. Such a scheme does the spectator's heart good. In applauding it he feels that he is working for righteousness, and he cheers every virtuous sentiment that is uttered. Every patriotic sentiment is virtuous, and he cheers that with a double satisfaction, for it flatters his civic pride while it promotes goodness. The dramatist had therefore wisely provided an abundance of these sentiments, and the acclaim they won in the audience certainly did much to help the illusion on the stage. There was one to the effect that our Presidency was in itself such a high and sacred thing that a dishonest American President was impossible; and this was received with such welcome that I had to think twice before I could reject it. I hope I was not alone, but I felt something like solitude in reflecting that there was really nothing in that respectable office itself to keep a man from being an infamous scoundrel, and in remembering that every man who had held it, from Washington down, had been an infamous scoundrel in the opinion of a large number of his fellow-citizens.

III.

Perhaps I did not make that reflection at the time, and I may feel my solitude only now in remembering that unflattering estimate of our chief magistrates. I am sure that I saw no one else in revolt against it, or against any of the patriotic postulates of the play. Apart from them and from its presentations of our political villains and villany, it was by no means a bad play, as such things go. Like the other political play, it had delightful moments of nature, delicious moments, when traits of character and phases of life were turned to the light. There were enough of these moments to carry me very comfortably through both plays; and if there had been none of them, still I think I should have respected the aim of the dramatists in dealing with our political corruptions.

What am I complaining of, then? I suppose their means, their methods. These were at all times worse than their intentions. In both cases they had invented types recognizably human, recognizably American, recognizably Northern, Southern, Eastern, Western. Their Southerners I thought better than their Northerners, though a Southern spectator might have thought the Northerners more like. But I do not say that he would, and I have been haunted through all my censure by the fear that their Senators, Representatives, lobbyists, capitalists, priests, ministers, club men, society leaders were as near the real thing as Shakespeare's kings, queens, lords, cardinals, courtiers, knights, and ladies were; and that I am going back upon Shakespeare if I reproach them. After all, the players do but "present a wall" on the stage, and why not have one shape do it as well as another? It would be hard to say why, or at least it would be long, and I prefer to evade the point, lest I should weary the reader. I only know that there is something in the exacting modern spirit which will not suffer us to be content with labels, and that if we have a wall upon the stage we must not only know it is a wall, but we must have it look like a wall.

A further truth I do not suppose we have the right to ask, and I cannot imagine any dramatist of ours going below the surface of our political corruption and seeking to bring the real reasons for it to light. We all know them, each in his own heart, and we know, if we think at all, that while the very spring of our civilization is self-interest, these corruptions must continue, and that no punishment, no exposure can abate them, or do more than give them a little pause, from which they shall go on as before. If any dramatist were to illustrate this fact in the motives and actions of a group of men and women, and let us see the good in them struggling against the overwhelming odds of evil in the nature of things, he would achieve a triumph such as the stage has never yet won; and I hope I should be the very first to attack him for his incivism.

In the mean time I am very much interested by these political plays. They are disabled by their problems, as the social plays are, but if you can forget their problems, they are very well indeed. They are the effect of a native impulse which eventuated in the war drama, and they are still novel. I wish they were better in all respects, but as they are they are so good in some respects that they might very easily be worse. They deal with true things untruly, one might say, but only in their larger effect. In those smaller effects, in the real life of the drama, which is from moment to moment, they are often very true, and they are often very charming. W. D. Howells.

AT THE HORSE SHOW.

Said a much beribboned Hackney, a proud veteran of the Show
To his neighbor, a Green Hunter, in the next adjoining stall:
"Well, what think you of the Horse Show? For I'd really like to know
A novice's impressions of the people and it all."

"Why," answered the Green Hunter, "I am favorably impressed
With the way the Show is managed, and they treat you very white;
And the people are amusing, though I think they're overdressed
And don't seem too intelligent, but *'tis* a pretty sight.

"Still 'twould be a big improvement if they all were numbered, so
By referring to a catalogue a horse could quickly see
The ones that are worth looking at. But after all, you know,
It's the horses at the Horse Show that really interest me!"

H. G. Paine.

HENRY IRVING AND THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

As the foremost actor and theatre-manager of England it is the accepted duty of Henry Irving to cherish and keep alive, as far as his power goes, the classics of his nation's dramatic literature, and to encourage dramatic poets, and enrich the permanent repertory by producing new plays of an exalted character whenever he can get them. Thus far, in his present profitable engagement at Abbey's Theatre, we have seen him, courageous and resplendent, in the performance of his duty according to his own lights—which are many and of divers colors, and shine dimly through screens of thin oiled silk. As an upholder and regenerator of the classics he has given to us *Macbeth*, by Shakespeare, with sweet and sensuous music by Arthur Sullivan, and pictures of surpassing beauty. As the patron of new dramatic poets, and the builder of a new repertory, he has given to us *King Arthur*, by J. Comyns Carr, with more and sweeter music by Sullivan, and pictures full of the pre-Raphaelite fancy of Edward Burne-Jones. Both are magnificent shows. That they are thought of first as shows, and their purely dramatic quality is a secondary consideration, is perfectly characteristic of the modern English theatre as Henry Irving represents it.

Irving is a fine actor of various rôles, but his true forte is not the tragic or heroic, and I fancy that his power of expression is not quite what it was twelve years ago, when a large part of his portrayal of Hamlet was wonderfully illuminative and fascinating, and his incarnation of the Vandyck Charles I., in a really worthy play by W. G. Wills, in spite of his eccentricities of speech, moved one to tears. There are a few fine moments in his Macbeth. All of Act I. is intelligible, and part of it is powerful and moving. He does not reach the point of mere grotesqueness until the middle of the murder scene, in Act II., and even after that there are moments one cares to remember. He is never splendid or thrilling, but he is always picturesque, and a few of the memorable passages are read so that their beauty is unimpaired. But the general effect of the portrayal is not satisfying. One feels, as he leaves the theatre, that he might have received the thrill of poetic tragedy, the emotional exaltation it ought to promote, more surely by remaining home with his pipe and his printed Shakespeare.

Ellen Terry's Lady Macbeth has the estimable qualities of great personal beauty and imperial dignity—though her incessant motion would be called restlessness and lack of repose in another actress—and it is always a pleasure to hear her rich melodious voice. One does not soon forget the bell-like tones she produces and the grace of every attitude she assumes, while her conception of the rôle is consistent and intelligible; but this impersonation, too, falls far short of the sublimity of tragedy. It charms the eye and pleases the ear, but touches the heart not at all. As for the rest of the acting, it is the quintessence of the commonplace. So that the pictures are nearly everything. *Macbeth* has never been so richly and carefully mounted before, and doubtless will not be again in our time. The grewsome witch scenes, the homeward march of the troops, the assemblage of the thanes in Macbeth's castle after the discovery of Duncan's murder, the interrupted banquet in which the ghost of Banquo is, properly, imagined, not represented in palpable form, and the bustle of warfare in the last act, represent the finest modern skill in scenic art and stage-management. But it is questionable if the pictorial effect is not overdone, and the imagination of the spectator, which should be stirred by the poetry and acting, is not palsied, as it were, by the rich excess of detail. Sir Arthur's *Macbeth* music is, like all of his music, sweetly tuneful. It seems to have no tragic meaning.

His *King Arthur* music is much more elaborate, and includes some vocal numbers of limpid beauty. But it is a pity that the first scene of Mr. Carr's play, the magic mere with the swimming naiads, should so strongly suggest the *Rheingold*, especially as the story of the drama is akin to the legends treated by Wagner in *Lohengrin*, *Parsifal*, and *Tristan und Isolde*. The resemblance inevitably compels comparisons unfavorable to Mr. Carr and Sir Henry Irving and his eminent associates. The "tone poetry" of the modern music-drama, which is familiar now to most of the people relied upon to support such a theatrical enterprise as this tour of the London Lyceum company, has surely superseded all other media of tragic expression.

Comyns Carr's verse is of a respectable quality. It was an almost thankless task to write a play embodying the stories told by Tennyson in the Idyls of Arthur and his sword Excalibur, of Guinevere and Lancelot and Elaine and the quest of the Holy Grail. Carr has probably done as well, in a theatric sense, as any writer could have done in the circumstances, even Swinburne, for, after all, *le mari trompé* in armor is still *le mari trompé*, and Guinevere's guilty love for Lancelot, Arthur's discovery of it, and the consequent rumpus make the play. The same situations make *Tristan und Isolde*, which is drama too—the true tragedy of this period—but what a difference! Carr's King Arthur, acted by Irving, who is plainly too old-looking, too sinister-looking, too much like his own Wolsey and Mephistopheles and Louis XI. for the godlike son of Pendragon, but who still acts Arthur with all the dignity and force the rôle permits him to express; and by Ellen Terry, whose Guinevere can be accepted as a living embodiment of the Tennyson ideal; set to mellifluous music by Sullivan, richly dressed by Burne-Jones—is mildly entertaining, fanciful, dainty, pretty, and, in the end, just a bit tiresome. It has no tonic quality. Perhaps in England the suggestions in the play of England's ownership of the sea stir the blood of patriotism. They have no such effect here.

As a mere show it could not well be surpassed. The harmonies of colors actually exceed, in their exquisite beauty, any other show of the kind I have ever seen. Burne-Jones had *carte blanche*, and the results of many dreams are incorporated in the dresses of Guinevere and her flat-chested ladies, and the pictures of Camelot and the woodland in Maying-time. Good taste, fine ingenuity, months of thoughtful preparation, and the expenditure of a small fortune have made this work. But they have not served to make Arthur and his court actually live again for us. We derive no stronger illusion from them than we could get from a well-painted panorama.

Irving's pre-eminence among modern actors and managers is not to be seriously disputed. He has done much for the English-speaking stage, and his fame will live. But now he is surely neither following the trend of the modern drama nor establishing a strong bulwark of defence against what the dear old fogies call heresies. Social problems of the present hour are the themes of the dramatists who are now commanding attention. Man in the age of electricity is their profitable study. Ibsen, Sudermann, Echegaray, Pinero, are some of the names to conjure with. If it be contended against their plays that they frequently deal with subjects that one does not like to discuss with the children, it may be answered that marital infidelity is surely not a subject more immoral in a modern prose-drama than it is in an imitation blank verse piece set to music by Sullivan and dressed by Burne-Jones, though in the former it may, by chance, be treated in a vital, moving, and instructive way. And we must not forget that the thunder peals in the outraged skies when Miss Ellen Terry as Queen Guinevere kisses her Lancelot under the May boughs. Unhappily the thunder is the most impressive and illusive thing in the scene, for the Lancelot is "a thing of naught," which, by-the-way, is just what Flute, the bellows-mender, called all Lancelots.

Edward A. Dithmar.

THE REMARKABLE STORY OF PRINCE ARP ARSLAN, EDITOR OF THE "KASCHF-UL-NICAB."

It was at a breakfast given by the Syndicate of the Foreign Press in Paris that I met the prince Arp Arslan, director and proprietor of the Arabic journal *Kaschf-ul-Nicab*, an English translation of which is "The Truth Unveiled." The truth unveiled in Arabic struck me as something new; also the fact that this unveiling should take place in the form of an Arabic newspaper published in Paris. Were there, then, enough Arabs in the French capital to make such a journal worth while? and if there were not, by whom was it read, and through what influences had an Ameer, whose very title is a symbolism of Oriental prejudice and conservatism, been led to assume the proprietorship and editorship of it? All these questions I put to the prince himself, who answered by telling me his story, with permission to publish it. He is a prominent figure in Paris just at present, and no more forcible exposition of the existing state of affairs in Turkey could be made than through his experiences.

The Ameer Arp Arslan, who is a handsome young fellow of twenty-five, is a member of the leading Druse family of Mount Lebanon, which came from Arabia a thousand or more years ago, and the heads of which have been hereditary princes and rulers in Syria ever since. The prince was educated in Beirut, where he imbibed from the Americans and French a strong independence of character and advanced ideas, especially on the subject of marriage. Everywhere in Turkey marriage is a pure matter of business. The Turkish law only permits marriages between persons of the same age, rank, and religion. As the princes of the house of Arslan have the highest rank in the country, they are allowed to marry only with their own family. In consequence there are not always enough wives to go around, as in the present generation, where there are sixteen boys and only four girls. The result is that twelve of the sons must follow the example of the Khedive's son and buy for themselves wives among the Circassian women, who are distinguished for their beauty, but are ignorant, and do not speak Arabic. "A man sometimes lives a year with his wife before he is able to speak to her," said the prince; "and one of my uncles has been married twenty years and is not able to talk with his wife yet." This system might have certain advantages on occasions, but as a principle it is faulty. A Druse prince is not allowed even to make the acquaintance of the girl cousin destined to him by his parents for wife, far less to have a voice in selecting her.

It happened, however, that the Ameer Arp Arslan had fallen in love with one of the four cousins of his family, and she had fallen in love with him. They had played together when they were children, an affection had sprung up between them which they had not forgotten, and later this had been revived and strengthened when Najla, the girl, owing to the superiority of foreign education, had been sent to school in Beirut. She went part of the time to the Catholic nuns, part of the time to the American missionaries, and with the Americans her cousin sometimes found an opportunity of seeing her in secret, and of finally getting engaged to her on the American plan. Then, for the first time since the world was made, there was presented to it the spectacle of a Druse prince making to his family the extraordinary statement that woman was meant to be a companion for man, and he would marry the girl he loved or no one.

This announcement was like the throwing of a bomb in the family. The girl was carried off and imprisoned, and then followed a series of intrigues and complications by the side of which the tales of Scheherezade would pale. The young people had the law on their side. They were of the same age, family, rank, and religion. Their marriage, however, would be a rebellion against the unwritten law of the family, since Najla was claimed by the governor of Beirut, the Ameer Mustapha, for his son. The girl was treated with every sort of indignity, and even cruelty. She managed to run away and take refuge with the American missionaries, who, depending on the law, told her to send for her fiancé and have him carry her off. The poor child, however, in spite of her European education and advanced ideas, was still too strongly impregnated with hereditary Orientalism to dare such a step. Her cousin was sous-préfet in Beirut. An elopement with her would ruin his career. She chose rather to throw herself on the friendship of the Catholic sisters, where she hoped to have the protection of the French consul. The consul, however, was afraid of political complications, and made the nuns give her up to her family, so that she went back to closer imprisonment and worse suffering. Meanwhile the prince Arp Arslan was taking his own measures. He sent a telegram to the Sultan, a telegram that cost forty dollars, and the receipt for which he took out of his pocket and showed me, a bit of paper scrawled over with Arabic hieroglyphics and French text, that he keeps as one of the few tangible souvenirs of his old life. At last the Sultan telegraphed back that the girl should be given him. To get her was another thing, for justice is slow in Syria, where the Sultan is a long way off, power in the hands of the local governor is very near, and possession is nine points to start with. The girl, with whom her fiancé found opportunities in various ways to communicate secretly, would consent to no plan for taking her that would endanger her cousin's life.

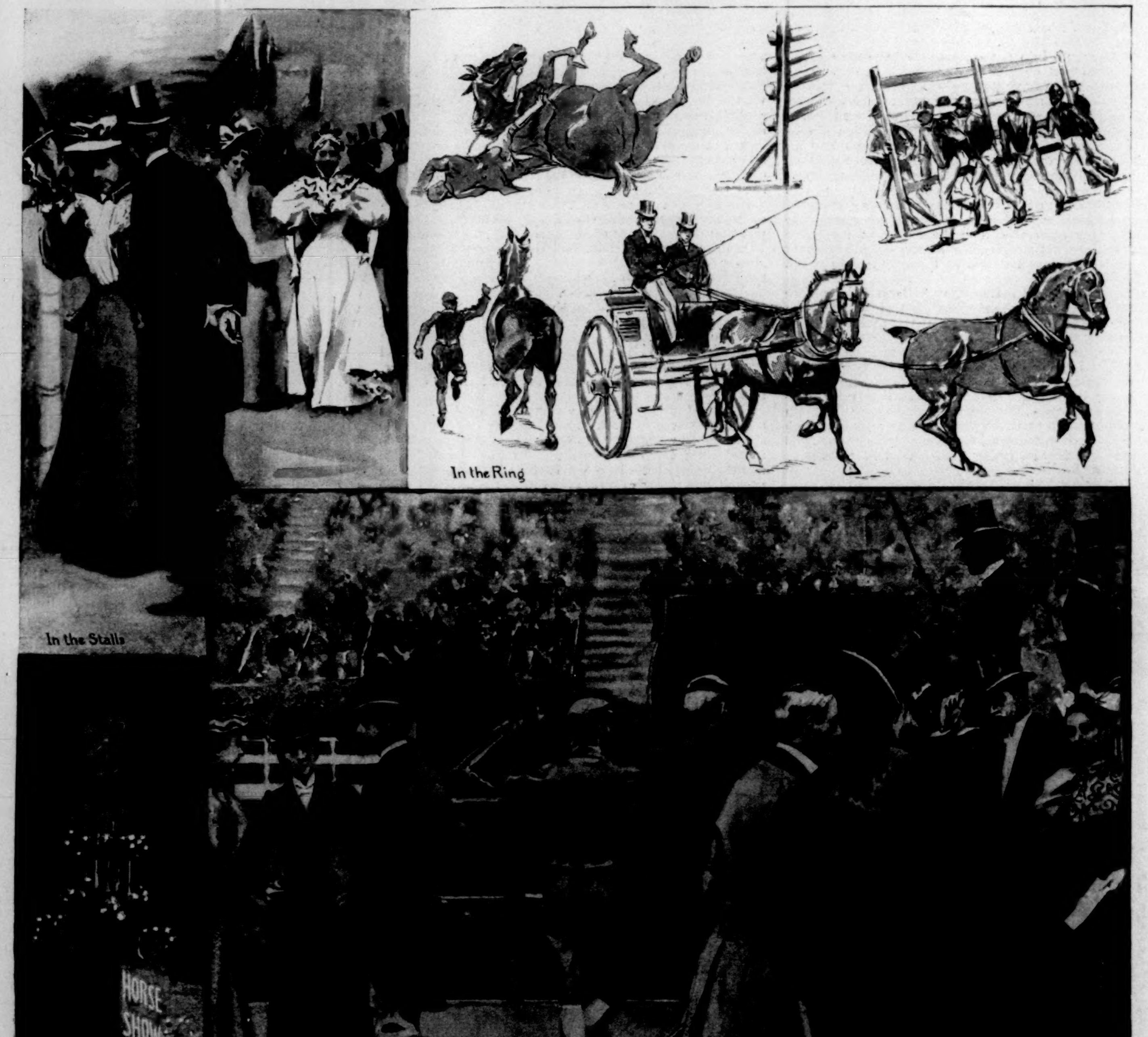
Finally came the tragic end. The party of the Ameer Mustapha, finding their cause lost, arranged a last stroke. Najla, weakened by captivity, ill treatment, and lack of food, was made to believe that at nightfall her cousin was coming, in spite of her protests, to storm the house. After waiting in suspense through the day, at dusk she began to hear the firing of guns, cries, and all the evidences of a battle under her windows. The people about her excited her fears, and at last two old servants, wailing after the manner of Orientals, appeared before her bearing in their hands a shirt that she had herself knitted for her cousin, and a silk handkerchief that he had worn around his neck, covered with blood. The girl shrieked and fainted. When she revived, like an Oriental Ophelia, her reason had gone; she was entirely insane.

"And the end of this sad story?" I said, as the prince paused. "How did you come to Paris?"

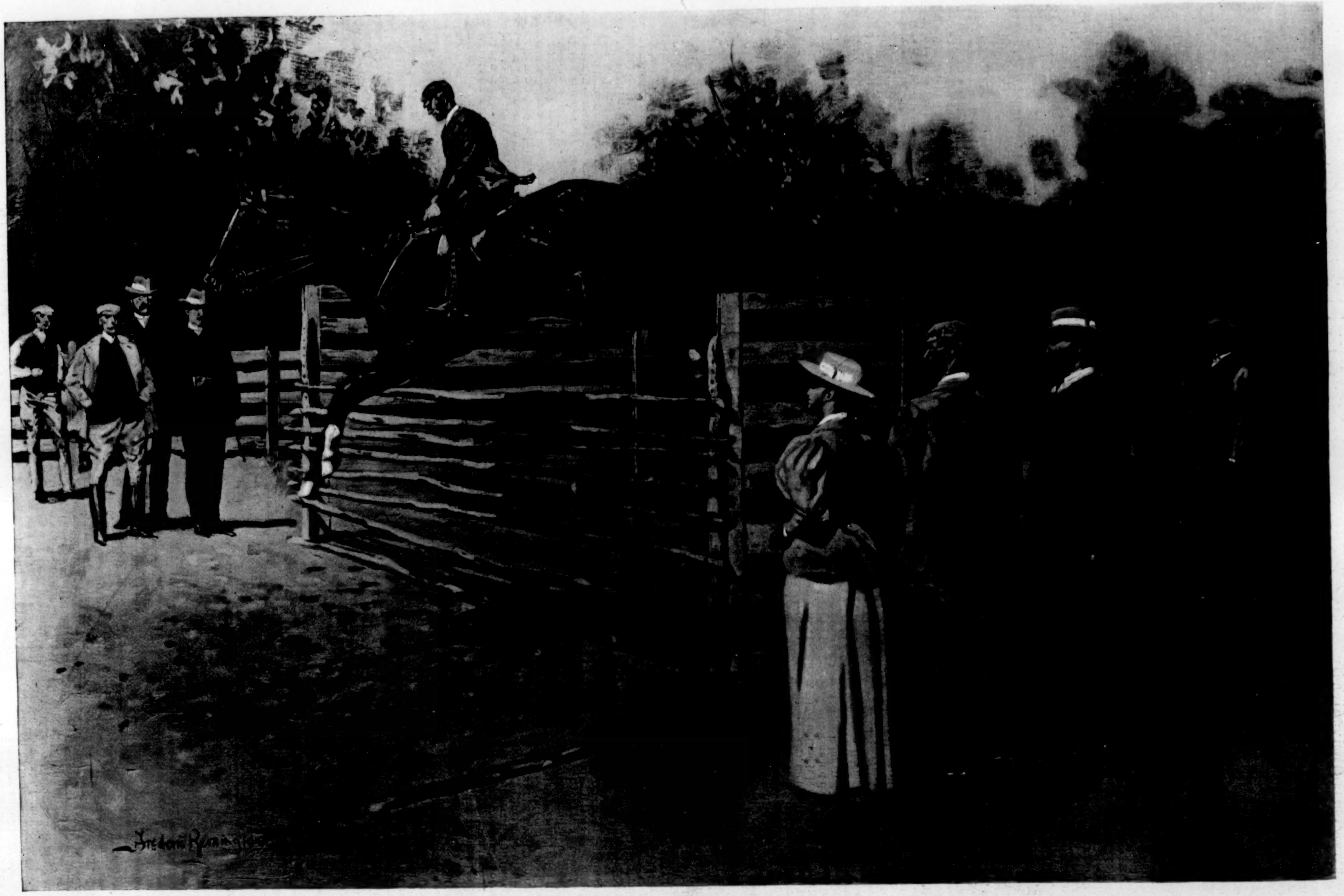
"I still wanted them to give me the girl," he said. "She had lost her reason through her devotion to me. She had refused, under the severest pressure, to be unfaithful to me for a moment, and I would have devoted my life to her and taken her to Paris and put her under the care of the French alienists, if I could have got her. But an Oriental woman is not allowed to travel out of her own country. My affairs began to be complicated with politics. The Sultan sent to have my cousin taken to Constantinople. I tried to take the voyage on the same boat with her disguised as a sailor, but some one betrayed me, and they changed the day of her leaving. Then my friends in Constantinople warned me that I had been denounced to the Sultan as a conspirator against the government, and that only exile awaited me if I went there. I preferred to choose my own exile, and came to Paris, where I founded my paper."

All this had happened about six months before, and prince Arp Arslan had already won recognition as an authority on Turkish affairs from the French journals and such important English papers as the London *Times* and *Daily Graphic*, and made himself feared in Turkey. His journal is largely read there, where it is sent under cover to subscribers. It is produced by lithography, since the Turkish government has issued strict orders to the governors of the Ottoman Empire to prohibit Arabic and Turkish type from being sent out of the country. This was to prevent Turkish or Arabic journals from being printed in Europe, where there is liberty of the press. *Kaschf-ul-Nicab* is moderate in tone, but is persistently going in for certain reforms and measures, among them the establishment of a Chamber of Deputies. The prince has already a strong following among the young men of Syria, and is confident of being able to strike enough blows, and hard enough, to be called back some day from exile as one of the first deputies of a new Chamber.

Katharine De Forest.


In the Stalls
In the Ring
HORSE SHOW
On Promenade
Max F. Klepper
Madison Square Garden
The Final Preparation

SCENES AT THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL HORSE SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.
DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.—[SEE PAGE 1088.]


Frederic Remington

GETTING HUNTERS IN HORSE-SHOW FORM.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 1088.]

GETTING HUNTERS IN HORSE-SHOW FORM.

There may be a few bicycles up in the Genesee Valley, but the persons who ride them do not expect to run for Congress in that district, because the people there ride horses, and awfully good ones too, for the most part. They talk horse and think horse, and even the women are wise as serpents concerning equine matters—enough so to distress a Bull's Head dealer were one to go among them. As one goes about the country every now and then he will see in some stable a groom holding a horse by the head, while slowly walking about him is a group of men in boots or leggings, with possibly a woman or two, all silently intent on their own observations, as if it were an ancient fresco or a conqueror's tomb on which they gazed. The country-side itself is one of the most delightful pastoral landscapes in America—much the impression of England—well farmed and prosperous. Set about on the hills are the fine country-seats of the Wadsworths, the Howlands, and others, backed by big stables, all the stalls blocked with hunters, the grounds cut up with hurdles, rails, and water, stone walls and Liverpool jumps; and quite common to see are horses dancing over them as they take their exercise. One is made to wonder why there is not more of the same thing elsewhere in New York State, given up as it is to the production of gangling and nearly unsaleable trotting stock. Any good horse of the hunter type, able to clear his five feet nicely, is gold in the hands of his owner. Many of the hunters come from Canada, up Toronto way, where years ago retired British army officers settled and raised horses from Irish hunter stock, which has made that country celebrated, and customers come in flocks to buy them. Unless a man rides at the very top weight he can be suited in his mount without importing from England or Ireland. The training of a hunter involves, first, a development of his jumping qualities in order to determine whether he will make a "hunter" or not, and on its being decided favorably a stable-boy may carry along his education until the finishing course, which must or should be given him by the master who is to hunt him. To my astonishment, a very celebrated riding man told me that occasionally an American trotting horse turns out a crack hunter, but I cannot bring myself to think that much could be hoped for from such a quarter.

Many of the farmers up Genesee way breed hunters, ride them to hounds, and if the horse performs well they sell out at a good sum to some of the gentlemen who run up there to hunt the country. When the Horse Show is on in New York great numbers of horses are shipped down to the city to participate in the contests, and many of these never return, being sold to other parts. Men who ride to hounds usually keep three horses for the purpose, and many keep more, while Mr. Howland has mounted fourteen visiting friends from his stable for one run. People are constantly changing their mounts, and naturally this buying and turning off of horses puts a man into a dealer's way almost. For one who wants a horse of that character what better can he do than to go right to the stables of the big hunting men? He may not acquire their top horses, but he can find tremendous hacks which are not up to the hunting man's ideas over the timber. As I have said, one can see the hunters being schooled over the timber, which is always a good show, and he can tell the "proper" from the "flying jumper," and see all the form, never forgetting that the groom who is "up" is likely to ride amazingly well. The younger horses are first whipped along a chute and forced over rails thickly padded with straw covered with burlaps, they are then mounted by boys, until finally some few develop to horse-show form, and are entered for competition in the local show, which latter determines whether they are to command the plaudits of the multitude in the great Garden, or are simply to follow the pack over the quiet valley. I saw the gallant old Ontario brought out and put over the rails for the edification of some visitors, and he does it in his old workmanlike manner despite his lost eye and his years.

He is to be immortalized by the master, for Mr. St. Gaudens has used the grand old fellow as a model in his statue of General Sherman. Who will say that horses cannot have careers, and grand ones too? For one, I might hesitate if I had to decide to be either Ontario or some one of the millions of human beings who are not up to man-show form. Fie on this thing called contentment! Ontario may have it, though it properly only belongs to Florida negroes and house-dogs. If my soul should ever transmigrate into a horse, let it be into a grand hunter's body—unbroken to harness, arched in the loin, high withers running far back, lean shoulders extended and playing like a pugilist's arms, neck supple and far from the hand, tail set high, and quarters as large as a freight-car, with my forearm like a blacksmith's; then let me have pasterns like the fencer's wrist, good long hard hoofs well open behind, and the head I must suppose to be my own. I will carry a gentleman over the country if his hands are light on my mouth and his seat is steady and well back; if we tangle up and turn over it is no more likely to hurt me than the fellow who rides me where I cannot go. If my master is a hard hunting man, I doubt not he will want me close on the dogs, in which case I must hope he will have a cool head, and will help me out of the difficulties I have to encounter in getting over the uneven ground, but by the tail of Bucephalus I hope he don't use his arms, except to steady me when I land badly or stumble on a rolling stone in some shifty going. Some men will become excited, and will not know as well as I how to negotiate the going, and if so—very well—I will leave him piled up in a ditch somewhere, waiting for whiskey-and-water and court-plaster, and go racing on after the hounds, where some better man who is riding up will see me and say it was not my fault, because he will know that my rider had no seat, because he could see that at the meet in the morning, where I kicked around a bit to loosen my sinews, and the good rider will buy me—in short, I will become possessed of a good master by my cleverness in the field; and once I have him, if he is really a good master, I will take him where he wants to go, and I will be so game that I will strain the last nerve-cell to do the thing he puts me at. I may come to grief, but the good master, after he has had plaster put on his nose and liniment on his wrists, will turn over in his bed and say to himself, "I should not have put my heels into him at the last jump, because his nerves were dead, his legs heavy, and his stomach drawn into his wind." He will come out to see that the grooms rub embrocation on my knees, and repent of his ardor, while I will hope to get right in my knees as soon as he does in his wrists, whereupon we will play together some more.

Then at various times when I am a youngster I will win silver cups for him at the shows, and then in "mine age" he will not turn me off, because he will, after dinner, show his visiting friends the long row of big silver mugs on his mantel-piece, and they will all talk about me the evening through. All that will be a good business. Of course he might lose his money in Wall Street. Then, if he was a good master, he would turn me off to some friend who also liked good hunters, and the cups on the mantel-piece should go with me. If he shouldn't do this I would kick the "stuffin'" out of any unsportsmanlike character who might come to possess me. I think, too, that none of these electrical sharps will ever invent a contraption to hunt the hounds, and so long as there are cows there will be fences. However, I shall never be a horse, or anything but Frederic Remington.

HERRICK.

Of roses, ribbons, and all dainty things
Of which a lover to his loved one sings,
Wise Herrick sang, and weaving love and rhyme,
Fashioned his lyrics for the lips of Time!

F. D. Sherman.

A RECENT JOURNEY THROUGH THE WEST.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IX.—CHICAGO SINCE THE FAIR.

It would be natural for the people of the country at large to suspect that there has been a reaction in Chicago since the closing of the Columbian Exposition; that the strain of planning and executing that monster enterprise had left the city limp and resting. That is far from the fact. The transformation of Chicago since the fair is something stupendous. It has been as if many of the sides or facets of metropolitan life had not been cut until the exposition brought the means and the cultivation that insisted upon their employment. The truth is that, in their success with the World's Fair, the Chicagoans got confidence in the strength and capabilities which they had boasted without being certain of their extent. The building of the Auditorium made the World's Fair possible. The same men who contributed five or ten or fifty thousand dollars toward its construction, astonished at their success and emboldened by it, next built the exposition. They were but the pioneers of the people, and without the popular support would have failed in the same degree as they were thus enabled to succeed. These leaders have never stopped the flow of their energy. Since the closing of the fair they have gone on, putting up scores of superb residences and office buildings, a majestic depot, pushing a stupendous drainage work, developing a superb palace of art, finishing three splendid libraries, bringing university life into prominence, and satisfying, in half a dozen directions, the demands of the cultivated element in the population. It is not the same Chicago that we saw who visited the exposition; not at all the same that seemed a mere sounding-board for hollow boasting before the fair was opened.

The multitude itself is changed. It is true that it seemed to take to the presence of the fair as if it was as used as Paris to such institutions. The hundreds of thousands of Chicagoans (and others as well) who crossed the Illinois Central tracks to enter the fair gates were, in six months of close study by on-lookers, seldom observed to do an unseemly act. In the main they were as orderly as if they had been pressing up the aisles of a cathedral. This was a national, an American, triumph of self-restraint and intelligence, but it was not without its effect upon Chicago then and since. It has caused it to become as cosmopolitan as any of the world's capitals. The newspapers of Chicago, which bespatter and belittle all that is serious in life, and cavil with whatever praise is bestowed upon their city, have charged me with being unable to praise or gauge a Western development without comparing it to something in the East. This was the mildest form of the slurring with which that press received the articles which led all others here in an effort to stifle metropolitan pique, and to acquaint the nation with the earnestness and excellence of the work of the fair-builders. The trick thus charged to me is one to which I have resorted very, very seldom, if at all, but I will adopt it to say that just at present, as a result of the fresh lesson received at the exposition, a Chinaman or a Hottentot can parade the streets of Chicago without attracting any more attention or annoyance than if he did so in New York.

The arrangements for the shelter and care of the millions who went to the exposition created such an excess of hotels above the normal demands of a city of its size that the cost of hotel accommodations has been reduced one-half. If this is not the case in the famous great and leading hotels, it certainly is the case with the scores of others—by no means all small or of low grade—whose proprietors have continued in business since the closing of the exposition. Suites of rooms, completely and comfortably appointed, comprising a parlor, two bedrooms, and a bath, are easily obtainable for fifty dollars a month for one person, and good fare and good service are in the bargain. More modest accommodations fetch lower prices, so that living in Chicago to-day is as cheap as it is in Berlin or Paris. Thousands of persons have been attracted to the city by the musical features, the university lectures, the libraries, the art schools, and the like, and these students, and the more leisurely class of mere enthusiasts, live there as they used to go to Europe to live. In consequence, the hotels have been filled, and have been fairly prosperous at the reduced rates of board. It should be said in partial explanation of this that Chicago is the provision centre of the country, as close in time to the sources of the early fruits and vegetables as any of our cities, and more truly than any of them the great meat and grain centre and distributing-point.

All these advantages and conditions have enabled the Chicagoans to demonstrate their keen regard for the fruits of cultivation, and for prestige in such things, as well as for those great and novel means of satisfying their aims, as occur to a people not in the least hide-bound by others' standards, by orthodoxy, or by tradition. The spirit that has put millions into libraries has also developed the largest and one of the finest book-stores in America, despite the philistine influence of the grab-bag department stores which has all but swept the book trade out of its former strongholds. Enterprising and artistic small publishing houses have come into being there, and the clubs that stand for love of literature and of learning—like the University, the Caxton, and others—are swelling with vigor. So, too, are the other clubs, from the model Athletic Club to the great Chicago Club, which is now housed in the noble building which proved too small for the Art Institute. This art museum, art gallery, and immense school of fine and useful arts, with its full regiment of pupils, is another source of the magnetism that is drawing a metropolitan element into Chicago's population.

Chicago has four or five seriously meant and seriously managed music schools. One of these, the Chicago Musical College, has what is thought to be the largest attendance of any school in the country, if not in the world. This numbers 1400 or 1500 pupils. The Chicago Conservatory is another excellent school of high purpose. All the schools are down by the lake-side, within half a mile of the Auditorium, which may be called the storm centre of the musical furor there. One naturally thinks of Theodore Thomas and his orchestra as having generated this broad development of musical interest and endeavor in the city, but we are assured that he is a result rather than a cause.

The Amateur Club, for instance, long antedates the Westernizing of the Thomas orchestra. Its name does not suggest its high character. All its active members are amateurs, but they are not merely such as like to call themselves so. Each is subjected to a severe test as a performer—either vocal or instrumental—in the presence of a committee, before being admitted to the club. Formed of capable musicians thus tried, the club is able to give a series of private performances of a high order of merit during each season. These are given in the Woman's Club or in the Central Music Hall, and are applauded even by those musicians who are not able to attend them. Three times a year, or oftener, the club gives artist recitals, to which every member may buy an additional ticket. Joseffy, Ysaye, César Thomson, and the Kneisel Quartet of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have been recent entertainers at these recitals. The club has a large number of associates who are simply subscribers, but because of these and because of the active membership it may be likened to a huge tree whose roots run in every direction through the city and connect a vast number of persons, at least in their sympathy and interest, with this active educator and interpreter. The president of the Amateur Club is Mrs. George B. Carpenter, one of two conspicuous musicians of the same name, this one of the talented pair being known in Chicago as of the south side of the city.

The crack vocal society, the Apollo Club, numbers about 450 singers, having mixed voices. Mr. W. L. Tomlins, who was choir-master at the World's Fair, is their leader. This club gives two great concerts annually in conjunction with the Thomas orchestra. This year it gave *The Messiah*, a part of *Israel in Egypt*, Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, and a part-song concert. Viewed from the stand-point of professional musicians of European training, they tell me that this club can only be criticised as having recently developed weakness in its alto part, and for having too limited a repertory. It deserves the highest praise for the long-sustained effort it made to popularize high-class music among the working people. For three or four years it repeated its great concerts for those who could not afford to pay the first prices for seats. These concerts cost the club as much as $2000, and were participated in by great soloists. The public paid from fifty cents to two dollars each for seats. The leader conceived the idea that if these were offered at from ten to twenty-five cents the poor would enjoy them. He conferred with the labor-union leaders, and the result was that application was made for 22,000 tickets, though the Auditorium hall seats only 5000. But in time it became evident that the recipients of the tickets were not dealing fairly by their friends. The tickets were being resold, and so the scheme was abandoned. It is more than likely that the music was of a higher grade than the masses had learned to care for. In the season of 1893–4 the club was divided into small parts for the purpose of giving concerts in various labor halls and meeting-places of the poor, but this was not continued.

The Thomas orchestra provided a winter's feast for the Chicagoans, and they not only supported it with the greatest liberality, but with an enthusiasm characteristic of the place and well deserved by a corps of musicians that is among the very greatest in the world. The pride of the music-loving contingent, upon learning that New York was endeavoring to win Mr. Thomas back to it, was only to be compared with their insistence that Chicago would never give him up. As a proof that this regard for the orchestra springs from intelligent appreciation of its merits and of fine music, it is said that the request programmes of the orchestra have each year been the most classical of that season. Each soloist in the city—in and out of the orchestra—has had his own circle of admirers, pupils, and music-loving groups, so that the city has been a true capital in the depth and breadth of this form of cultivation.

The rawness of the street scenes and street life of the city still offends the eye, and the makers of the finer Chicago of which I write still hurry, by steam and cable cars, to homes far distant from the belching steam and smoke filled crater of the volcanic town. One of them has asked me to descant upon the cañonlike crevices between the towering buildings, and the Japanesque effects of the masses of smoke cloud and steam cloud that close each view in the streets, but he made the suggestion on his vine-clad porch in Buena Park. In that crater from which he flees when work is done and when he asks to live, the filth in the streets, the bustle and clatter and worry and strain, are still so dreadful as to suggest the citadel of hades. But along with the growths of which I speak go the development of many superb residence districts that are calm and sweet, tree-clad, lawn-checkered, the seats of miles of beautiful homes. From those who live amid such surroundings has come the dominant spirit that recently put in a reform government by a vote of 40,000 majority, that supports Miss Jane Addams in her heroic determination to clean at least the smaller seams of the crater, that backs Miss Ada C. Sweet in her reform, and that is behind the men who added civil service reform to the blessings, advantages, and attractions of the wonderful Chicago of to-day that would scarcely be recognized by the Chicago that held the World's Fair.

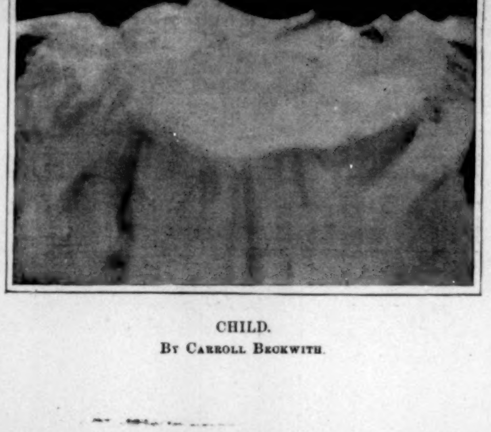
MISS MARJORIE GOULD.
By Albert Lynch.

Loan Exhibition of Portraits

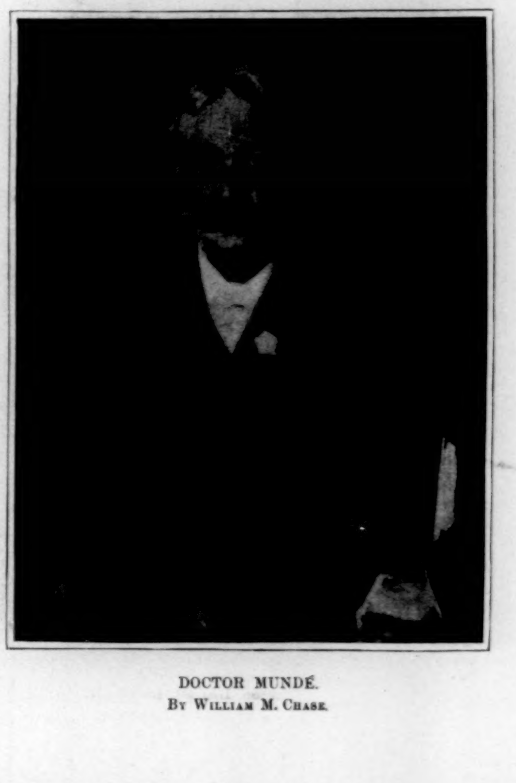
PORTRAITURE is so often the crutch of a painter interested in other directions, the object of his perfunctory and bread-winning efforts, that it is a little more exhilarating than usual to find it yielding an exhibition with a great deal of vitality. Every year the galleries bring forward huge portraits across which the languor of the artist is writ large; but the collection arranged at the Academy of Design, while it admits some offending canvases, is, on the whole, a thing of refreshing character. It is a loan collection formed for the benefit of the same charities which profited by the Fair Women Show of a year ago. The committee managing such an affair is scarcely in the arbitrary position of a jury presiding over the making of shows like those which have been familiar in London for some years past—shows devoted exclusively to portraits, and sifted as carefully as any other mass of pictures would be when contributed by the painters themselves. Our annual Portrait Show (it promises to be a regularly recurring feature of the artistic season) does not yet enjoy the favorable conditions which have existed for some time in London. Nevertheless, the present exhibition is fairly comparable to some of the recent English shows. It has been organized along different lines from those which were illustrated in the Fair Women exhibition. Portraits of men are included this year, and there are several portraits of children. The variety resulting from this catholicity is not the least of the attractions of the exhibition.

The admission of masculine portraits has helped to prove one important fact which in any show of this kind runs the risk of being forgotten—the fact that costume is, after all, a small matter—that the portrait is the thing, not its mere gayety of dress and ribbons, decorative as they may often be. Take, for example, the large portrait of Henry George, by Mr. Brush, which hangs in the east gallery. Sobriety of tone is here carried to its utmost limit. The figure could hardly be called picturesque. Yet if the man of to-day must abandon all hope of picturesqueness, he may still have dignity, intellectual character; and the presence of these in a portrait is, as Mr. Brush shows, worth a whole wardrobe of the sixteenth century. It would be difficult to exaggerate the strength of this portrait.

One turns from it readily enough to more dainty, more delightful things, but one comes back to it with the conviction that here is a work whose appeal is permanent, whose sense of power will outlast much else that is for the moment far more winning. It is a pity that the moderation of color which it illustrates was not also within the grasp of M. Chartran when he painted the big portrait of Leo XIII. that flames furiously at one end of the south gallery. The Pope sits in a blaze of very nearly crimson red; the background threatens to swallow him up; and appreciation of the portrait has an undercurrent of suspi-



CHILD.
By Carroll Beckwith.



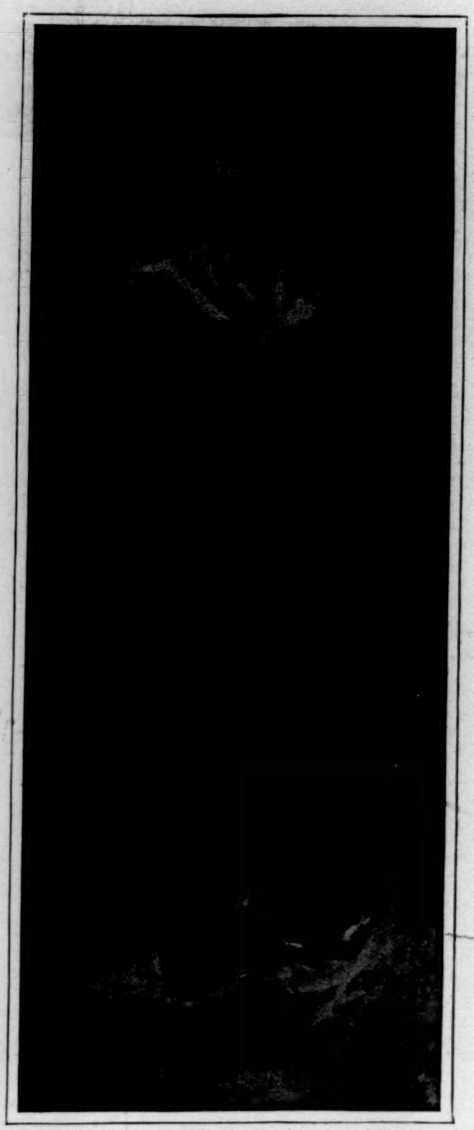
DOCTOR MUNDÉ.
By William M. Chase.

cion that M. Chartran's taste in matters of color is a little vulgar. But the appreciation remains unhurt to any serious extent, for as a study of character the portrait is very fine; not a masterpiece, but still high up above the usual level of modern papal portraits. In fact, of Leo himself there has been no more satisfactory portrait than this since the brilliant head by Gaillard. Possibly the nature of the subjects has determined it, but whatever the reason may be, it is worth noticing that, save for this canvas of Chartran's, nearly all the important portraits of men are pitched in a low key.

The portraits of Cornelius Vanderbilt and Charles Lanier, by Frank Holl, are almost monotones, very dark, with shadows dangerously near opacity. Mr. Zorn's portraits of George H. Bend and T. M. Wheeler are black and whites painted in oil, vivid, strong, and executed with just the *brio* and just the vivacity of draughtsmanship which belong to his etchings and pen-drawings. These are admirable portraits, but, it may be added, their sketchy character is not altogether pleasing: it does not wear well. On this head it is interesting to turn to the portrait of S. P. Avery, painted in one sitting by Madrazo. This Spaniard's brush, used with the rapidity which must have been necessary under the circumstances, might have been expected to produce a picture more splashy than either of Zorn's, but among all the pictures which the former has ever sent to America it would be hard to find one more firmly poised than this, more conscientiously done, more serious, or more temperate. Madrazo's contemporary in Paris, M. Bonnat, is represented here by three portraits, which are unprovocative of enthusiasm, perhaps, but which through their truth and vigor command profound respect. They are the portraits of Fulton Cutting, Bayard Cutting, and Governor Levi P. Morton—large canvases which have no charm at all, but are full of character, of psychological interest, developed by a sure and most accomplished hand.

There is some new American work here, produced under Parisian conditions, which has a good deal of the strength which M. Bonnat shares, and a grace which he could never claim. It is sent by Mr. J. W. Alexander, an artist whose work, when it was more familiar here a few years ago than it has been of late, was in a different vein from that which he is cultivating to-day. He is a well-trained painter now. He draws finely and with stimulating decision; he has insight, and his sitters are apparently depicted with adequacy. He has, further, a piquant feeling for color, which comes out most effectively perhaps in his portrait of a lady in green, seated, and an originality of design which makes this and all but one other of his works instantly conspicuous. At times his originality carries him away. His portrait of a lady standing in an attitude of aggressive erectness is merely eccentric. But even here his executive ability is manifest, and the group of portraits by him speaks throughout of an individuality which is head and shoulders above the common class.

Only half of the good masculine portraits in the exhibition have been touched upon above. The list is delightfully long, both among the modern works and those which date from the latter part of the last century and the early part of this. The committee has worked hard to secure a representative gathering of early American pictures, and besides some interesting Stuarts there are examples of Sully, Benjamin West, Sharpless, and other men of their time. Some of the Stuarts are remarkably fine. The Gouverneur Kemble is in his most characteristic style. A strong Vandyck is hung in the room with these, and is more than welcome, since it is the best old master present; but beyond this, and a brilliant portrait of a man by Lawrence the elder, pictures that are good are portraits of women, the best being a large canvas in the finer manner of John Russell, Romney's "Shy Girl," and a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Stanhope, by Reynolds, which it would be easy to surpass in American collections, but which might be much less interesting, much less eloquent of Sir Joshua's mellow style.

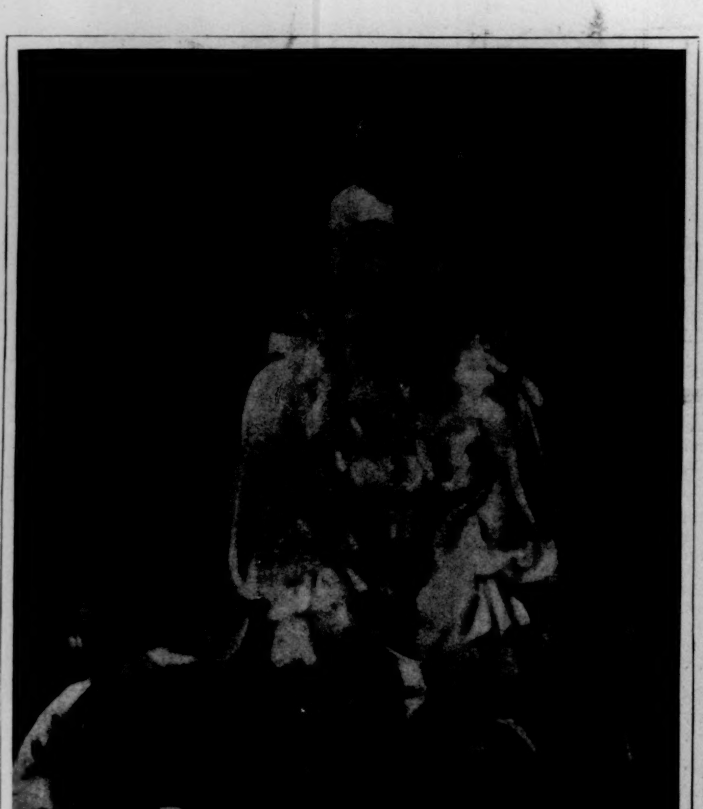


JAMES W ALEXANDER, JUN.
By John W. Alexander.

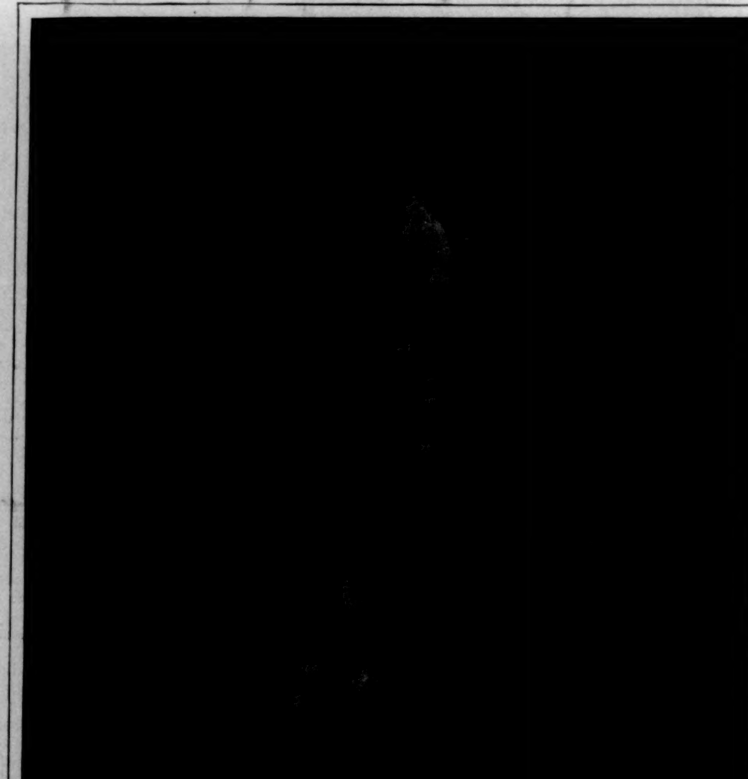
There is a modern portrait of a lady here which might not unfairly be classified with these English works. It is the tall canvas portraying Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, and signed by Carolus Duran. One has to look twice at the signature. It seems incredible that Duran could have painted a picture in so light a key and with so much fineness of brush-work. But his touch is recognizable—the touch of a painter who, with all his faults of taste and fibre, is yet a craftsman of immense authority. He has painted Miss Vanderbilt in a portico with trees beyond, and, in spite of the rather French dress and walking-stick, with a certain amount of that imposing quality which is more characteristic of the last century than of this. It is not always possible to admire Duran, though he can always be respected. In the present instance both tributes can be paid him. It is to be regretted that any others of his portraits are included in the show. Those hung in addition to the Miss Vanderbilt are in his ordinary and quite unattractive style.

We wish that Mr. Sargent had given us his portrait of Miss Ada Rehan in his ordinary style. On his normal plane this painter is irresistible. But in his latest performance he has chosen to be more imperious and more reckless than ever. He has not paused to put quality into more than a few patches of his color; the tall white-robed figure with the rich background of some historic hanging possesses no charm of tone whatever, and save that it contains the triumphs of handling and drawing here and there which are inseparable from any picture by Mr. Sargent, the portrait is distinctly unworthy of him. It is a relief to go back to his beautiful portrait of "Beatrice," a picture so lovely in its design and style, in its spirit and in its execution, that, old or modern, there is very little to compare with it in its field. This is childhood in its quintessence, the flower of recent pictorial art in its relation to the most ravishing of models. There are some other fine portraits of children in this exhibition —an exquisite picture in very light tones by Mr. Thayer, a sombre but equally delicate group by Mr. La Farge, a picturesque profile by Mr. Brush, and productions by Mr. Pennington, Mr. Millet, Albert Lynch, and the late Charles Chaplin, which are all distinguished for tenderness of feeling and felicity of style. It is a pleasure to note that in these, as in the portraits of men and women, the exhibition has not mere cleverness alone to display, but abundant sympathy, imaginative force, and workmanship in harmony with the elevated point of view which is everywhere in evidence. Broadly speaking, the collection does not flag in its appeals to the spectator. The committee seems to have been uncommonly fortunate and discreet. It secures attention at once, and keeps it practically from beginning to end.

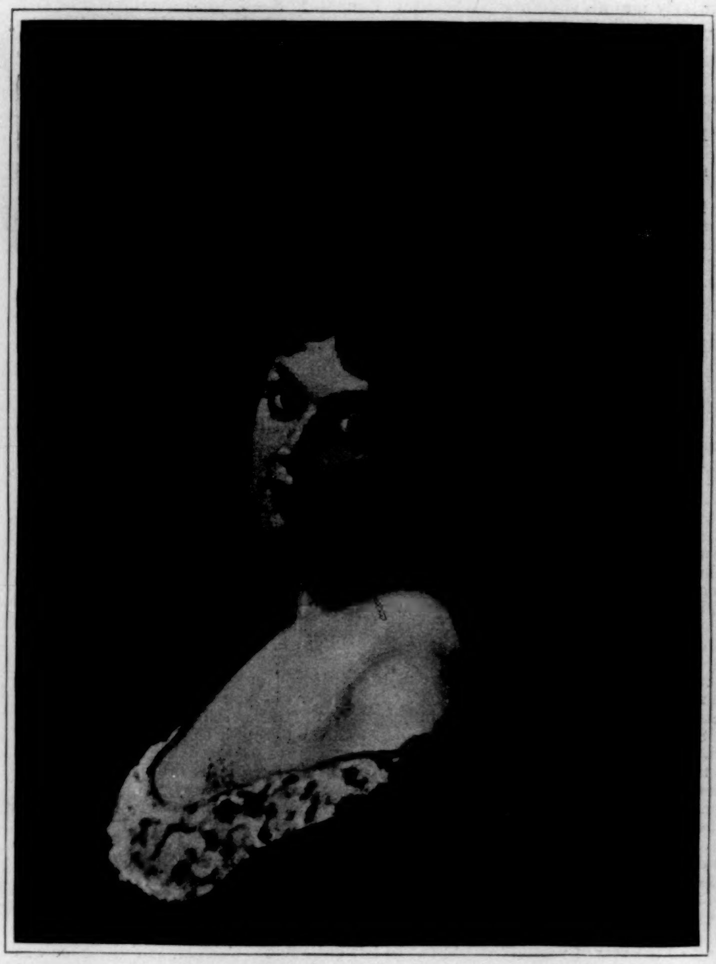
Royal Cortissoz.



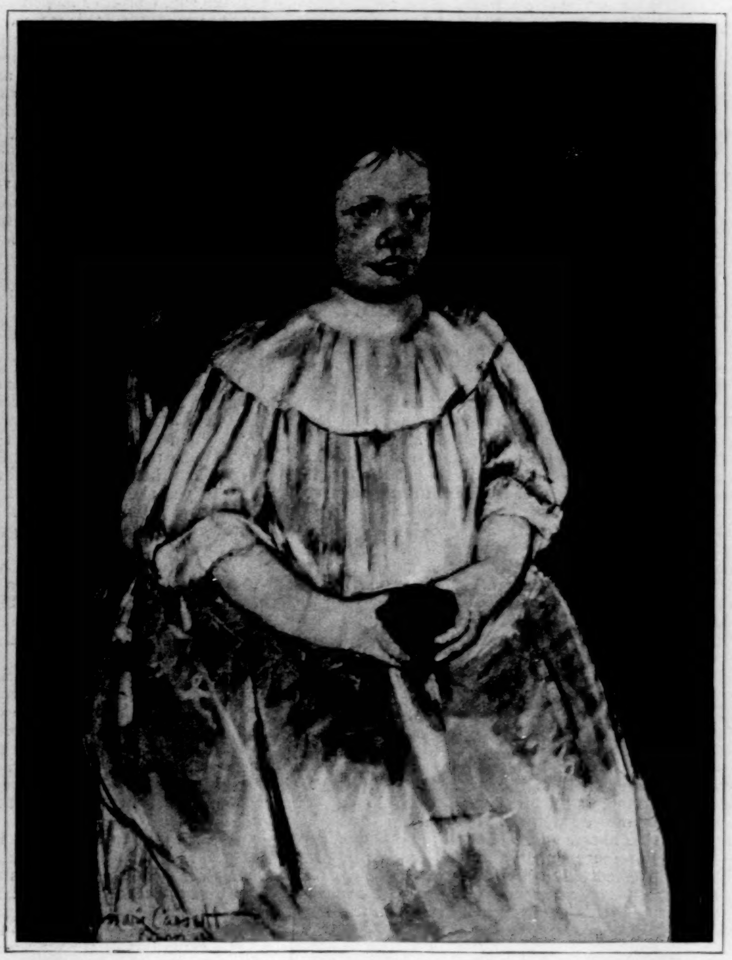
MISS HELEN DUNHAM.
By John S. Sargent.



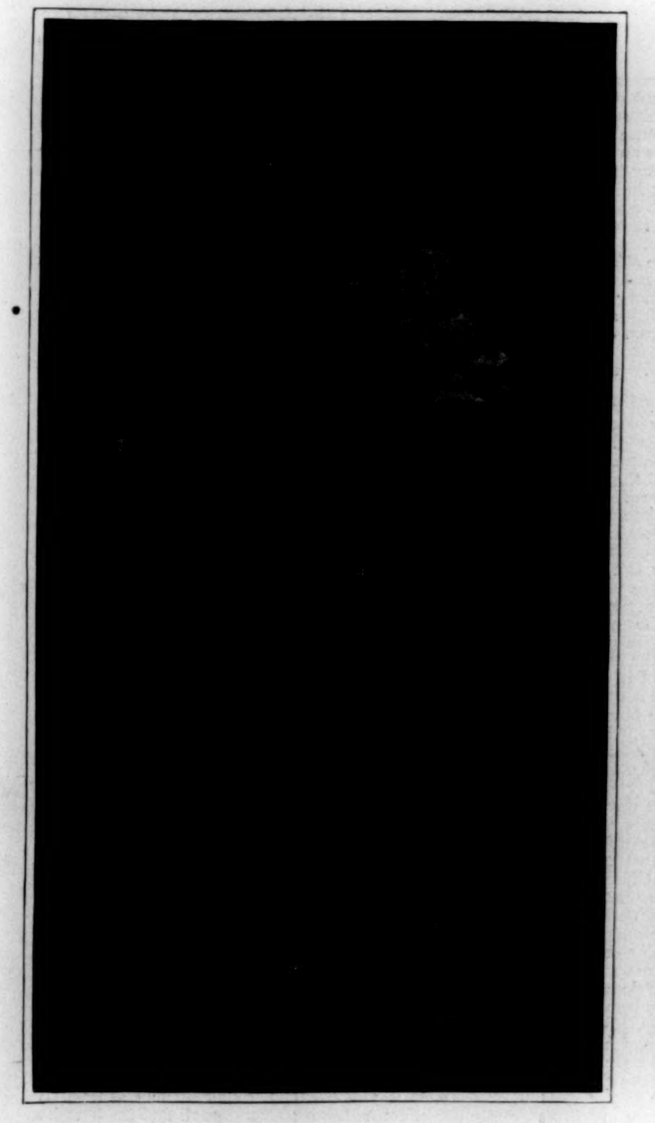
T. M. WHEELER.
By Anders. L. Zorn.



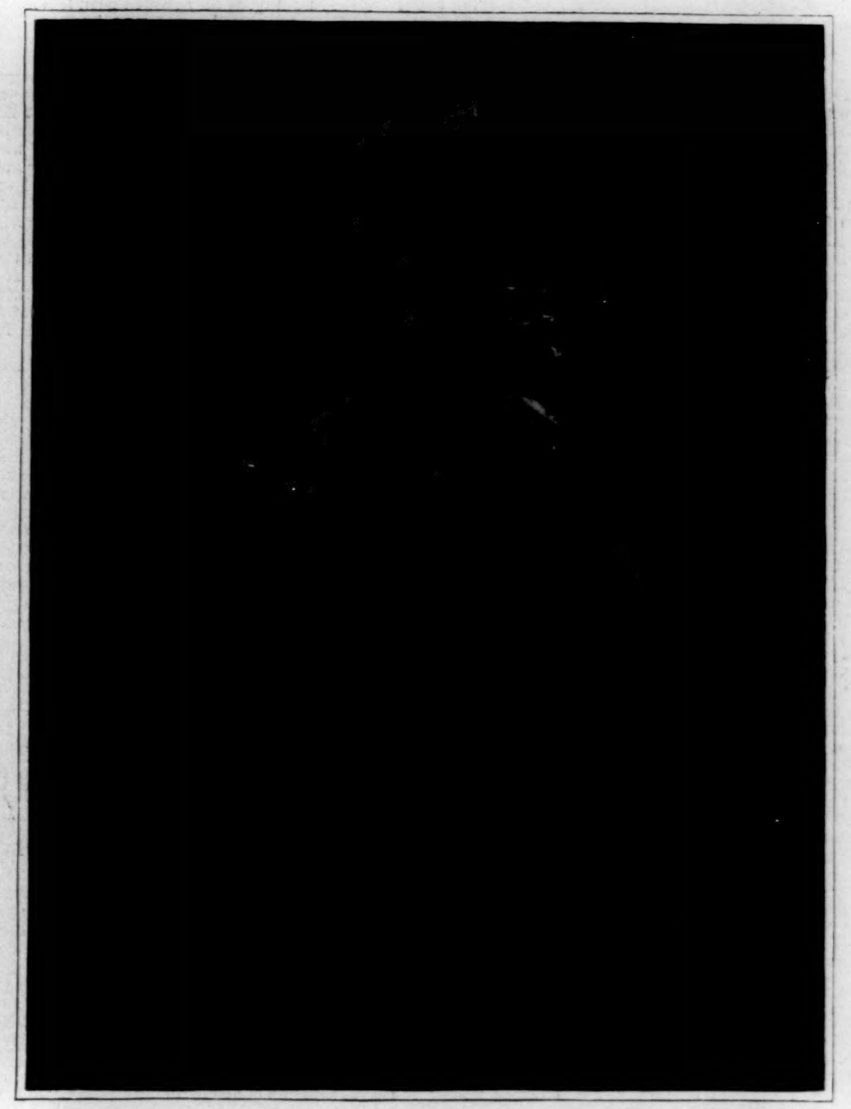
MRS. GEORGE JAY GOULD.
By Carolus Duran.



CHILD.
By Mary Cassatt.



"MY SISTER LYDIA."
By Edmund C. Tarbell.



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CALVÉ (IN "CARMEN").
By Theobald Chartran.

'CENSION.*

BY MAUD MASON AUSTIN.

V.

As the day drew nearer for the ball Eduardo had told her of, the desire grew stronger and stronger in 'Cension's heart to go herself, seen or unseen, and get a view of this other world of his. She had never attended a ball in all her short life, and as yet she had formed no definite idea of how she was to get there; but the determination to see it for herself became a fixed resolve by the morning of the eventful day.

She would ask Pablo. With beating heart she went into the *patio* where her brother, with Placido and the two boys, was arranging to hang the long strings of peppers, garlics, grapes, and pumpkin strips for the winter, while bushels of silver-skinned mammoth onions were heaped against the wall ready for storing. 'Cension hesitated when she saw the others there, and stood looking at Pablo doubtfully. He had lifted a string of grapes, and stood sadly gazing across the fields at the half-finished walls of his home, and as he gazed his face settled into that look of hopeless regret it so often wore in these latter months. Her gentle heart smote her for her selfish forgetfulness of his sorrow.

Ask Pablo to go to a ball! Never. How could she have been so heartless? And she went to his side, and put her hand gently, caressingly, on his shoulder, in sweet contrition for the unkind thoughtlessness which she felt had been in her mind.

"Let me help too, Pablo," she pleaded. "I can tie and string very fast—indeed I can; just try me," she said, smiling. "And, Placido, you needn't look so doubtful. Did I not help you weave a chair once?"

And Placido, remembering, screwed up a very tight facial contortion, which passed for a smile, and said, very slowly, "*Si, señorita*, you did undo 'most as fast as I could weave." And the two boys pranced wildly around and enjoyed the stupendous joke, very much like a pair of American younger brothers, indeed.

Pablo smiled too, and it brought a beautiful sparkle to his deep brown eyes, showed his perfect teeth, and changed his face like magic. If one thought him handsome before, these rare smiles made his face simply irresistible, and markedly like 'Cension's own.

"I'm afraid there's not much you can do, *hermanita*, but you may hold this cord and help me with this lot, if you would like."

They all worked away, and 'Cension, still contrite, chatted and smiled brightly at Pablo, hoping in her loving heart that he found comfort in her presence. And he did. Possessing generous, beautiful natures, they were deeply attached to each other, and their love had known nothing of those jealousies and misunderstandings too common in the elder members of families. 'Cension was never in his way, nothing where she was concerned was ever a trouble to him; and she, full of pride in the this handsome, unselfish big brother, loved nothing better than his companionship. As for the topic of Lerma, just now Pablo saw nothing to be gained by filling his sister's mind with all manner of misgivings and unhappiness concerning the man she loved without being able then and there to say, "Give him up at once and forever." And he was not quite ready to sustain his position should the fellow defy him. He did not doubt that when that time came, 'Cension would obey him without a word. He anxiously admitted that the unmasking would be a blow, a heavy one, to her trusting heart, but he comforted himself by thinking how very young she was, and that she would soon forget it. Pablo had, for reasons of his own, determined to go to the interior of the republic during the following week, and he felt absolutely certain that when he returned he would be well armed to approach Señor Lerma.

The bright September sunlight shone warmly down upon the *patio* and the workers there. Pablo's large fawn-colored mastiff, Bonito, that followed 'Cension's every step, had stretched himself languidly in the sun, and would have been in Elysium but for two bees. Heavy from an apician feast of drying apples, they seemed to be in the world for no other object than the tantalizing of his sleepy dogship.

"Bonito, you are *no bueno!*" cried the smaller of the shock-headed brothers. "Why don't you gobble up them bees?"

"Bonito, perhaps, has tried eating bees before, and does not like the diet," laughed Pablo; and the big dog raised his eyes lazily to his face, and thumped his tail in two approving raps on the hard mud court.

"Oh, Bonito, you do so seem to know everything one says," said 'Cension. "Don't you really think, Pablo," she went on, tying a double knot in her twine, "that animals, especially dogs and horses, get to know a person who loves them so well that they understand what he says?" And Bonito again rapped his acquiescence *à la* table-rapping ayes.

Pulling Pablo's sleeve to attract his attention to the dog, she said, in an excited voice, "Why, Pablo, those must be goats over there in the vineyard!"

Lazy Bonito was up and off like a shot, rushing through the opening at the end of the corral. 'Cension clapped her hands and laughed sweet peals of laughter, which still rang out as Bonito walked quietly back to his place, after having inspected the vineyard from a heap of adobes beyond; whether or no he knew that he had been duped was kept carefully to himself in dogged silence.

"I do believe, you dear *perro*, that you are disgusted with me for that mean trick," said 'Cension, stooping and patting his square head. "It was mean, Bonito, old fellow," she said again, as she doubled a twine for Pablo.

"Of course dogs knows everything," exclaimed Placido, in a very determined voice, as if defending the question in a close argument. "Didn't he bring that little kid, *pobrecita*, straight to the señora when he found it with its leg broken under that *tornillo* bush?" Bonito only deigned to notice this last reference by one flabby tap, and kept on dozing with one eye, while he kept the other sharply upon the more aggressive bee.

"I say, 'Cension, I heard Eduardo Lerma telling you about the *baile* to-night; why don't you ever go to *bailes*, like Guadalupe? You could wear that pretty pink dress, and put white stuff on your face, like Guadalupe does;" and the small brother looked inquiringly into his sister's face as he delivered this shrewd half question, half advice.

"Would you really care to go to balls, 'Cension?" asked Pablo, kindly, turning his glance to the work in hand.

Poor sensitive 'Cension felt an overwhelming fear that Pablo understood her intention of an hour before, and meant to sacrifice himself to her selfishness, and she answered, hurriedly and nervously; "Dear Pablo, it does not in the least matter. I do not even know what a ball is like."

Balls in general did not much matter, truly, but this particular ball—that mattered very much indeed.

Presently she entered the house feeling miserable, anxious, unhappy, for the consuming desire to go to this ball could not be overcome. The longing was still unshaken.

When the family party gathered under the arches around the *patio* in the moonlight, 'Cension sat near her father, and absently watched the shadows from the trees outside. She did not hear a word of the mixed conversation going on, and was brought sharply to herself by a quick sound that startled her. It was only Ricardo, who, in telling them of the dreadful results sure to follow in consequence of the Americans opening canals from their dividing Rio Grande, had nailed his argument with his fist to the broad arm of his bench.

"I wonder if it is time for them to gather in the ball-room?" she thought. "I wonder if Eduardo is already there?" and her hands clasped and unclasped themselves nervously as she pictured it all. A sudden thought rushed into her mind. Why should she not go alone to Paso del Norte? She could ride gentle Prieto; no, Placido, and then all the rest, would know. She would not be permitted to go. She would walk! Young and strong of limb, the intervening miles were nothing to her, and there was nothing to fear. Slipping quietly away unnoticed, she went to her own room, which Anita shared, and stood before the pink *vestido* of Ynocente's mention that hung on the wall.

The little sister breathed regular, restful-slumber breaths, and everything seemed to 'Cension's excited fancy to be painfully still. She took the dress down in slow indecision. What need to put it on? She would not go, and besides, if she did, she would go unseen, so what need to change her dress? But fearing that Lerma might see her, with a woman's instinctive second nature of wanting to appear well in the eyes of the man she loves, she held it thoughtfully in her hands. The next moment determination came to her. She hurriedly unbuttoned the striped *indiana* she had worn all day, and with shaking hands arrayed herself in the unpretentious pink frock—her best. With a hurried glance into the small mirror hanging on the wall, she caught up her black shawl and disappeared through a door to the left.

She came out at the extreme end of the row of rooms at the back, and entering the alfalfa-field, walked quickly towards the point where the hedge marked the lane's joining with the public road. She hesitated a moment, and looked nervously up and down the road before coming out into the bright moonlight. The sound of nature's respiration was all around. The branches swayed softly, and the intermittent gusts of air that were warmly caressing somehow seemed suggestive of a vague companionship and sympathy, as they rustled past, leaving "the pendent leaves nodding understandingly." Moonlight in this latitude and this altitude means something more than a pale, sickly glimmer which makes dim phantoms of every-day harmless things. It pours a flood of brightness below that marks every outline and curve in clear-cut precision, lacquers every leaf and twig in cleanest finish beneath. To-night there was not a cloud. The majestic canopy, "with God's name writ on it in worlds," was an expanse of subdued perfect blue. The faint, far-away bark of a dog traversed the silence, and the somnolent hills looked strangely distinct to her through the semilucent night haze. Should she go on? But why not? It could not be wrong, and she was not afraid of the night.

Suddenly there was a rushing sound in the alfalfa-field at her back. She dared not look around. It must be they had missed her already, and some one was running through the field to intercept her. She stood quite still, awaiting the result in deep agitation, not so much from dread of detection as fear of disappointment.

The pursuer came close up to her, as if undecided, then she felt a cold nose thrust into her palm.

"*O la buena fortuna!* It is only Bonito. Dear Bonito, I should have known, and taken you into my confidence," she whispered, laying her hand on his great head.

She did not hesitate now, but walked firmly along on the scant brown grass by the dusty road, and the big dog walked knowingly by her side. Her eyes were often raised to the blue immensity above, and she occasionally spoke to her companion. There was a look of sweetest innocence on the oft-uplifted face, despite the deliberate errand of the wayward feet. She had no thought of fear, and though her pulses quickened slightly once or twice at an undefined shadow or movement by the way, she went bravely ahead. There was a resonance in the dead silence about her, "the hymnal service of whispering leaf and listening grass spear," that elated her. Her way lay along the brownest, homeliest common, but the moon made of it a splendid highway. She was conscious of no fatigue, after travelling the long miles between, when she found herself near the goal—the brightly lighted Teatro Juarez, where the beaux and *junta patriotica* of Paso del Norte hold their carnivals. It is a most unpretentious, ugly structure; but the long wooden building, with unceiled interior, small windows, and two very scraggy trees by the door, was a vision of beauty to 'Cension. The rough walls were hidden by white cloth, enlivened with flags and bright-colored buntings; the elevated stage at the end where the musicians sat was also draped with flags of the United States and Mexico, and a carpet and canvas covered the floor for the dancers. The ball was at its height, and 'Cension felt absolutely unhappy and solitary as she drew nearer the door and looked within. Her sensitive color came and went as she felt half sorry that she had dared so much, and she stood tremblingly hesitating what to do next.

There was the usual rabble around the entrance. Señores Seijas, Najera, Montes, Castillo, and Blanco—the reception committee—only gave it a very divided attention now. A number of half-grown boys jostled and crowded each other roughly on the steps, and one gave Bonito a dreadful kick, and insolently asked, "What is that great brute doing here?" Bonito was not to be driven from his charge, and though 'Cension's eyes flashed indignantly, she dared not speak, and only laid her hand protectingly on her companion's head.

Where was Eduardo? She forgot the rude youths and everything else as she watched the moving mass intently for the familiar figure. An old man in shabby breeches and *serape*, just inside the door, touched her shoulder and said, "*Pase V., señorita*," and motioned to a vacant chair against the wall. There were so many figures blocking up the entrance that she could see nothing clearly, and she realized with an aching thrill of her limbs that she was, after all, very tired; so she slipped quietly into the chair, with a grateful nod at the thoughtful old man.

She could see much better now. Her eyes were fixed in fascination upon a pretty blonde from El Paso, gowned in a lovely blue crêpe, when she saw Lerma pass, walking down the room.

He was there, then! She was so glad she had come. She was beginning to feel a happy enjoyment of it all diffuse itself through her whole being. A kind of unreal sensation possessed her; she felt intoxicated with the lights and music and the pretty dresses in a whirl of kaleidoscopic brightness. She lost Lerma's figure immediately, but what matter? He was here and she was here, and she could have laughed joyously aloud in the thought that she had so nearly given up this great happiness.

"Oh, Bonito, just think, if we hadn't come!" And she bowed her head a moment over the big ears of the sedate guardian sitting against her chair. Bonito looked every inch his importance at having brought his mistress to such a fine place, though to his canine judgment it all looked very senseless, and hardly worth that long, dusty walk.

The figures moved off into the *danza*, and as the instruments struck up the swinging little jerky measures, she saw Lerma dancing with Guadalupe Gonzales. Yes, Ynocente was right: there was a goodly supply of "white stuff" on her slightly pock-marked face; but with pink cloth flowers in her hair, and tacked in aimless distribution about her blue gown, she was looking well satisfied and happy.

"Oh, Guadalupe, if you only knew I was sitting here watching you, what would you think?" And 'Cension smiled in imagination of her neighbor's surprise and the great fun she was having all to herself.

She watched the figures as the dance proceeded, and smiled as the couples of Americans dropped out one by one, unable to do the monotonous swaying of forward and back while the man's arm encircled the woman's waist. The señoritas' gowns of pink, blue, green, red, and yellow, much trimmed in cloth flowers, inexpensive lace, and colored buttons, were ideal gowns to 'Cension's uninitiated eyes, and she felt as if she could stay here all night, and wondered idly what the hour was.

The *danza* over, a *cuadrilla* was danced, then the strains of "Sobre las Olas" filled the room. The Americans would not be left out on this number, and the floor was soon one mad rush of whirling couples that jostled and bumped and collided in a dreadful way. The Mexican pairs turned frantically in their dizzy rounds in one spot, while the Americans, with well-directed glides and reverses, went in and out and through the spinning pairs with wonderful skill and not much regard for courtesy.

'Cension's attention was attracted to the hopeless attempt of a pretty stranger to stammer her excuses to a well-oiled, faultlessly gotten-up Mexican before her, who was determined to have a dance. Her escort came to the rescue, and explained to the bewildered beauty that etiquette in Mexico did not require an introduction to give a man the "open sesame" to a woman's card of dances. She was thinking the pouting malcontent very pretty, when she noticed that couples were passing through the door to the supper tables spread in the adjoining low-roofed apartment.

They passed very near her. And then she saw Eduardo coming down the line with Jesusita Barassa on his arm! She knew it was Jesusita by instinct. She was arrayed in the bright blue gown she had spent so much thought upon the foregoing week, and poor 'Cension shrank back in her seat, a sickening fear coming over her that Lerma might recognize her.

She felt shabby, ugly, horrid, for the first time in her untroubled life, and she could hardly resist the frantic desire to cover her face, herself, in the shawl that still remained over her shoulders. Oh, why had she come? She should certainly die if her beloved raised his eyes and saw her there in the rabble—so like one of the rabble herself, she thought, frantically. Hot tears filled her eyes and a choking feeling came into her throat. How could this grand man care for a poor little ignorant dowdy thing like herself? It was impossible; he must love that splendid creature on his arm; and a shadow of renunciation touched her, and she felt half mad with something, she did not know what.

"Oh, Bonito, why did you not tell me not to come here, into this strange, beautiful world that is not for me?" And wise Bonito seemed to think how useless would have been his advice, as he looked in quiet amazement at the unhappy change that had come over his mistress.

Several women near her rose and started out, and one kindly stopped and asked her if she would not like to come and see the supper-room. She got up mechanically and followed them, glad to move, to do something. She looked in upon the narrow table that reached the length of the room. The men stood behind the women's chairs, and there was much popping of corks and clinking of glasses. Her eyes traversed the line of upright figures and stopped about the middle of the left row, where Lerma was bending towards Jesusita's shoulder and she was smiling up at him.

Agony that was physical pain shot through 'Cension's heart. She felt as if she must cry aloud. The quick breath made the woman nearest turn and look fixedly at her. How could Eduardo look at his companion like that? Was it not the same look that always made her heart beat so madly? She felt wounded unto death; she did not know what could be the matter with her. She would go home—she never could enter that gay room again; she was sick at heart, and it had no further interest for her. She felt no desire to torture herself with the sight of the two before her, like many a one would have felt, and see it through, but, like the child of nature that she was, she only longed to creep away into the solitude and hide her wound like the gentle doe with the fatal bullet burning in her flesh.

They were leaving the table; Señor Lerma was tenderly replacing Señorita Barassa's lace scarf, and he bent his head in loverlike fashion, while the girl smiled brightly into his face. Poor 'Cension could not move; she seemed rooted to the narrow boards under her feet, and even all fear of recognition faded from her mind. They passed so near she could have touched his arm, but she made no sign, and the woman, turning a moment later to speak to her, found her gone.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2027.

"Not *sola!*" ejaculated the good soul. "Who was with her?" But no one knew, and the subject of their conjectures was then walking along the cobble-stone pavement beyond, not alone, indeed, for Bonito kept even pace with the quick footsteps.

Fortunately he could not ask questions, though he seemed to interrogate them plainly enough in his gait and his frequently elevated nose. What had come to his mistress that she ignored his very presence at her side? and why that tense look on her face? He could stand it no longer when they turned into "lover's lane." He pressed himself against her and looked anxiously up into her face.

"Oh, Bonito, Bonito, if he does not love me any more I shall die! *Madre de Dios*, I shall die!" she sobbed, throwing her hands outward and upward in the expressive gesticulation which is so much a part of these Southerners' natures.

Poor child, she did not know the meaning of the word jealousy, but the green-eyed monster had entered and taken possession of her being. Lavish of all emotions, desperately in earnest in all she did, this new suffering was only in the same degree terrible as was the giving of her life's love entire, irrevocable, complete.

The beauty of the night was naught to her now. She was only conscious of thinking wearily how long the way was. But this girl's tender heart was wounded, not revengeful. "The heart of nature beat so near, its pulses regulate her own." Gradually the calm of the night comforted her. Her test had been as a fever, commencing in delirium, gradually taking on the intermittent stages of vacillating doubt, until, each return becoming less frequent and less severe, the "equilibrium of peace" was restored.

She spoke aloud to Bonito as a distant chanticleer threw his note out upon the stillness.

"We should not have gone, old fellow; Saint Francis has punished me for my curiosity. I do not understand things now, but it will all come right," she softly added, murmuring the saintly name again, and crossing herself slowly. "It is wicked to feel like this, Bonito," she went on, brightening. "*Nuestra Señora de los Remedios* will not forget me."

She walked on some distance in silence, then said:

"*Mira! mira!* Bonito, how the trees stand forward to meet us!" and catching him by his collar, she hurried forward. "The hedge looks sorry that we went, but the alfalfa nods to see us back so safe—if not so happy," she added, regretfully.

They found the house in utter darkness and stillness, and 'Census raised the latch of her door softly, sure that she had not been missed. She threw herself, just as she was, across the bed at Anita's feet, and soon lost all her misgivings in an exhausted, dreamless sleep that lasted far into the bright morning: excitement had drugged her like a narcotic. Bonito followed her into the room and stretched himself by the bed, not shirking his association with the night's escapade when they should find her there in the morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

FOURTH PAPER.—PUPILS.

BY F. W. HEWES.

It is worth while to study the influence of women, as teachers, on the educational development of the country. It is also worth while to consider the remuneration of both male and female teachers in the various parts of the country, and to understand the attitude of the people of the various sections of the United States towards the public-school system, as evinced by their expenditure for its support. These subjects have been discussed in the previous papers of this series. An equally important question is, are as many persons reached by the instruction provided as should be?

In the study of food-supply it would be worth while to begin with an examination of the kinds of agricultural implements employed, and to follow with an inquiry as to their cost, but more important questions would be: What parts of the country are adapted to raising wheat? and, How much wheat is produced?

Who are Benefited?—In this inquiry a point is now reached which makes it pertinent to ask: Are all parts of the country equally benefited? and, Are all parts adapted to receive equal benefit? To properly examine this question it is necessary to first consider how far the instruction given in our schools reaches in its immediate results. It is not merely the children in actual school attendance that are influenced by the instruction given. In all families except the ultra fashionable (and in those to some extent) the subjects studied by the children in school are discussed at home. The parents and older members of the families are incidentally improved in spelling, in geography, in history, in grammar, and in other branches of knowledge through the questions the children bring home from school.

Nor does the benefit stop with the families having children in school. Children not attending school also share in the benefits, through the influence and conversation of the school-children, in the ordinary associations outside of school life. This latter influence it is which has been the most powerful factor in moulding the passing conflict touching public and parochial schools. If the children of the public schools had never met those instructed in parochial schools, the promoters of parochial schools would not have felt compelled to make the concessions they have made in response to the demands of parents that they be permitted to send their children to the public schools.

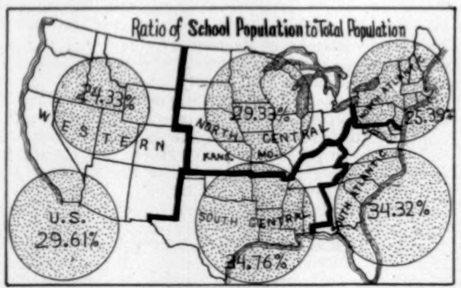
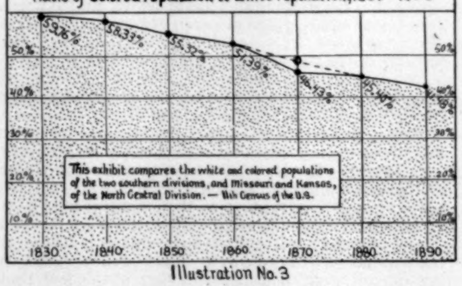


Illustration No. 1

Natural Adaptation.—The larger the proportion of the total population (including all ages and conditions) actually brought into the public schools, the greater the benefit received by the community. The larger the proportion of the total population, consisting of children of school age, the larger its adaptability to receive the benefit of the public schools.



This exhibit compares the white and colored populations of the two southern divisions, and Missouri and Kansas, of the North Central Division.—11th Census of the U.S.

Illustration No. 3

In the preceding paper it was shown that a considerable difference existed in the ratio of male adults to children of school age in the several divisions of the country. That being true, there are fewer children to educate in some parts of the country than in others; and therefore it is not possible to extend the direct benefits of the public schools to so large a part of the population.

The little map (illustration No. 1) entitled the "Ratio of School Population to Total Population" shows a considerable variation in the several divisions of the country.

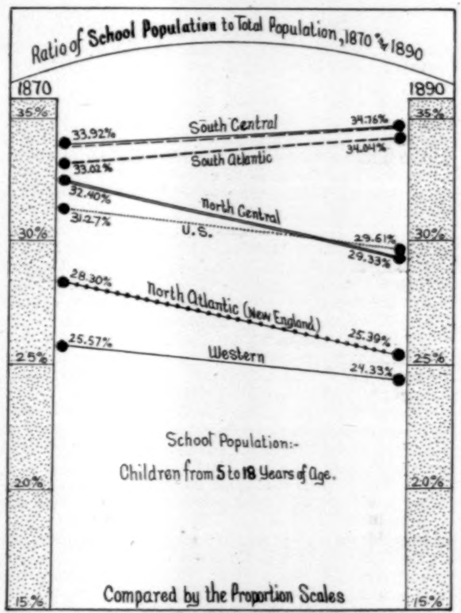


Illustration No. 2

The figures printed with the largest circle (that in the South Central division) mean that if all the school-children—five to eighteen years of age—were attending school, nearly thirty-five (34.76) per cent. of the total population would be receiving the direct benefits of public-school instruction.

In the New England division, however, it would be possible to extend the benefit to only a trifle over one-fourth (25.39 per cent.) of the population. That is, the South has an advantage of nearly ten (9.37) per cent. over the New England division, and of more than ten (10.43) per cent. over the Western division, in the natural proportion of its population adapted to receive the benefits of early education.

A fact of additional interest is, the proportions are evidently changing in favor of the South. Illustration No. 2 shows that twenty-five years ago these two divisions stood closer together in this respect. In 1870 the South Central division had less than its present proportion, while the New England division had considerably more; so that the advantage of the South Central division was at that date less than six per cent.

While the five several divisions stood closer together in this respect in 1870, they were even at that date widely separated. It is a matter of special note that the increasing separations are not all due to variations of common loss. The two Southern divisions show a positive increase in the proportion of children of school age, while the Western division shows an equally positive decrease, and the two Northern divisions a marked decrease.

Colored Population.—The increased school element of the South naturally raises the question as to whether this increase is proportionately or disproportionately divided between the white and colored population. Fortunately the increase of total population in the South is due almost wholly to the natural increase of the native population. Of all the multitude of foreigners that come annually to this country the South receives next to none. So true is this that the foreign-born population of the South is less than three per cent. of the total, while in many of the Northern and Western States it ranges from twenty to forty per cent.

A study of the historical proportions of the white and colored populations of the South will therefore show whether the increase in the proportion of school population is due to the increase of the white or colored element of the population. That study is provided in illustration No. 3.

While this exhibit may surprise many readers, it simply reveals what careful students of population have for many years known to be the fact. In spite of the largely prevailing opinion that the colored people are increasing more rapidly than the whites, the facts prove that since 1830 they have increased less and less rapidly, and that, too, at a very uniform rate. The irregular rate indicated at 1870 has been proved to be due to faults of that census in enumerating the colored population of the Southern States. If, therefore, the census of 1870 had been correctly made, the dot for that date would have been higher up in the diagram, and the line of decrease would have been very uniform.

It seems impossible, therefore, to avoid the conclusion that the increase of the school element in the South is more largely apportioned among the white than among the colored population. The South, then, is naturally adapted to receive a larger proportionate benefit from a full application of the public-school system than any other part of the country because it has a larger school element. Not only so; the adaptation is steadily changing in favor of the South, so that each year is increasing the natural advantage possessed by the two Southern divisions, and that increasing advantage falls more largely to the white than to the colored population. This latter feature may, however, be of small importance, for reports of the progress of real intellectual development in the schools of the South show little if any difference between the attainments of the white and colored pupils.

Enrolment.—The next step, then, is to ascertain whether the same proportion of the school element (children between five and eighteen years) actually enters the schools of the several sections of the country. It is of little importance that a community has a large proportion of young people adapted to receive mental or moral training, if those young people do not come in contact with the influences which provide the mental or moral training. A community with a small proportion of youth may better provide for an intelligent and moral generation to take their places when they pass away, if they bring a large part of their fewer children under the right influences, than a community with more children which places only a small part of them under right influences.

To make known to what extent the children of the country as a whole are brought under school influence, the graphic comparison, illustration No. 4, is provided, which shows by means of the comparative *height* of three figures: (1) The whole number of children of school age—that is, the number that ought to be in school in order to realize the full benefit of a thorough use of the public schools. (2) How large a part of the school element actually enters the school-room at all, and thereby receives some benefit. (3) How large a part of the whole number is really represented by the average attendance.

Considering, first, the element of enrolment, it is readily seen that about two-thirds of the children of the United States receive more or less of the direct benefits provided by the public-school system.* This means that each year, through neglect or necessity, one-third of the children of school age are not receiving its benefits.

It is not to be understood, however, that this one-third never come into school at all. Probably a large propor-

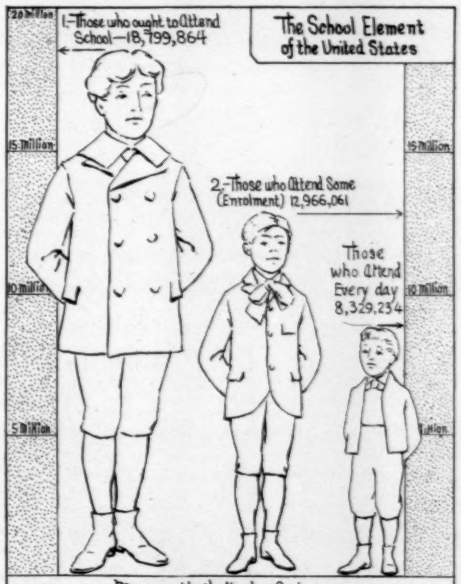


Illustration No. 4.

Note.—The figures and facts used in the preparation of these papers are taken from the reports of the Commissioner of Education of the United States, preceding the current report, which was issued after the papers were completed, and fully corroborates the conclusions reached.

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* In all these studies it is to be kept in mind that the enrolment and attendance includes all students of public schools, from primary to high schools, but does not include the pupils of private schools and special schools.

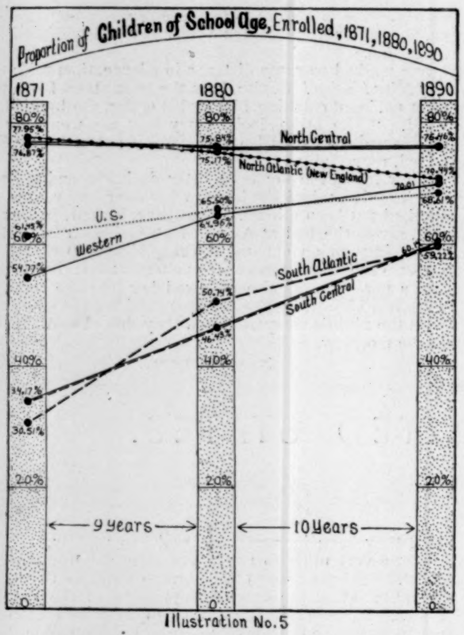

Illustration No. 5

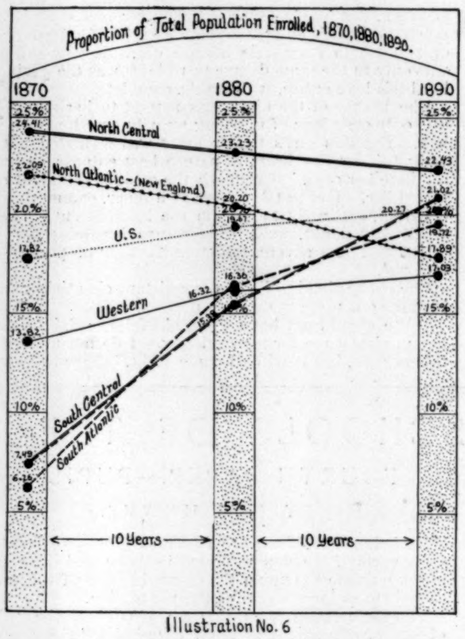

Illustration No. 6

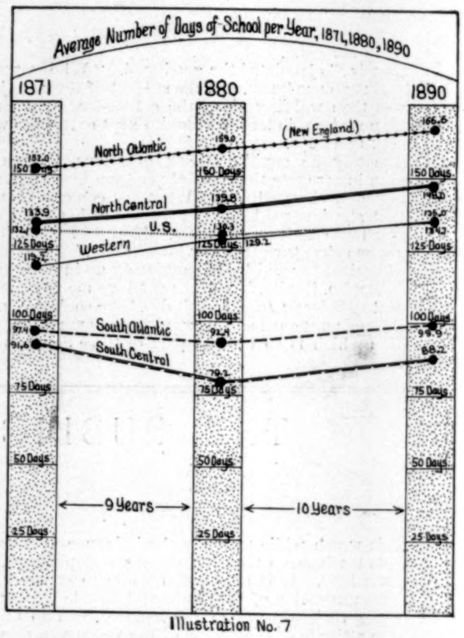

Illustration No. 7

tion of them were in school last year and previous years, for many children do not attend school after twelve or fifteen years of age. Another considerable number have not yet entered school (for many parents do not send children as young as five years), but will do so next year or in the following years. There is also to be taken into account the fact that private schools enroll about one-eighth as many children as the public schools.

These considerations do not, however, directly enter into the question under consideration. The actual enrolment is that which shows how many of the children are annually receiving instruction. It is therefore the record which shows whether the South is providing through its public schools that its next generation of adults will be one having received as much larger schooling than the coming generation of adults in the North and West as its school element is larger than that of the North and West.

Illustration No. 5 shows that in 1870 the two Southern divisions had a very small proportion of their children of school age enrolled, and that although their enrolment has increased at a wonderful rate, yet only about sixty out of every one hundred children of school age are as yet entered in the schools, while the Northern and Western divisions enroll a much larger proportion.

A striking feature of this exhibit is the suggestion made by the direction taken by the lines passing from the 1870 scale to the 1890 scale. If these directions are continued to the end of the present decade, the several divisions will be on a nearly equal footing in regard to the proportion of the children of school age enrolled.

There is a still further question to be answered touching enrolment. Illustration No. 1 shows that the South has a larger proportionate school population. May it not be, then, that the enrolment of sixty per cent. of that large school population is a greater part of the whole population than the seventy (or greater) per cent. of the school element enrolled by other divisions?

Illustration No. 6 answers this last question by comparing the enrolment to total population, and it is quickly seen that the two Southern divisions are actually enrolling a larger part of their total population than any other division except the North Central. It is also remarkable that the New England division, which stood next to first in this respect in 1870, now stands next to the foot of the list.*

This portrayal, then, puts the South in a very favorable light as showing how far it is utilizing its greater natural adaptation to be benefited by the public-school system, in the initial action of enrolling its children in the public schools. The initial is, however, but the starting-point. It is therefore necessary to go farther and to ask what the true value of enrolment is.

SCHOOLING.—As the final and most important inquiry in this relation it is essential to know just how much schooling each pupil is receiving. The South is clearly enrolling a larger proportion of total population than other divisions (illustration No. 6), and a proportion of children of school age constantly approaching nearer to that of other divisions (illustration No. 5); but in order to know just what that means in final result it becomes necessary to ascertain whether "schooling" represents the same thing in each section of the country.

If as a result of the enrolment in one community pupils receive one hundred days instruction per year, and in another but fifty days per year, then the enrolment test is seen to be only a way station on the road to the real test. As a first step in this final inquiry it is natural to ask what the length of the school year averages in the several sections of the country.

SCHOOL YEAR.—Illustration No. 7 shows that the schools in the Northern and Western divisions are in session many more days per year than in the two Southern divisions, and therefore provide for a longer term of schooling. It also shows that the Northern and Western divisions have considerably increased their length of school term within the past twenty years. This increase is evidently due to an increased length of school terms in the rural schools, as it is well known that city schools, especially in later years, are somewhat reducing the length of the school term by increasing the length of their summer vacations.

It is equally evident that the South has not increased the length of the school year. Here, again, it is necessary to call to mind the fact developed in the preceding paper that the people of the South have been and are still in large measure handicapped by laws which prevent local taxation. Therefore the only way to provide schooling for the large increase of school-children shown in illustrations 5 and 6 was to reduce the length of term between 1870 and 1880. When it is noted that the increase of enrolment was almost as rapid from 1880 to 1890, and that during that decade they increased the length of their term at about the same rate as the other sections of the country (illustration No. 7), the achievements of the South in educational matters again call for hearty commendation.

ACTUAL ATTENDANCE.—This inquiry, however, asks for the present standing of schools, and the second step of the final inquiry is to ascertain the actual attendance in the several parts of the country. As this is the real test of preparation (more than any other single inquiry) for future citizenship, it is worth while to extend it to the several States. Illustration No. 8 provides this test by portraying the actual attendance of pupils.

The larger circles are chiefly grouped in the two Northern divisions, as the longer school terms recorded in illustration No. 7 would naturally indicate. Of the nine States comprising the New England division it is seen that but three average less than one hundred days' attendance per year. That division has six of the twelve States recording over one hundred days per year. Of the other six the North Atlantic has three, the South Atlantic two, and the Western one.

The small circles (showing less than fifty days) are all located in the Southern States except one, Idaho; and the extremes, North Carolina and Rhode Island, show a remarkable difference. While North Carolina has almost five per cent. more of its total population, and more than five per cent. more of its school population, enrolled than has Rhode Island, yet its pupils average but thirty-six days' schooling per year, while those of Rhode Island average one hundred and twenty-seven days. The "average by divisions" shown in the little map below the large one gives the general comparison additional emphasis.

This portrayal is a strong reminder of the corresponding exhibit in the preceding paper, comparing the local taxation for school purposes, for there the Southern States had equally small circles. The relation between local taxation and the amount of schooling provided seems to be as close as that between local taxation and teachers' salaries. This is to be expected, for without general local taxation the school fund is naturally small, and all expenditures must be curtailed.

As in the preceding paper, so in this, a "pressure gauge" is provided, to better measure the small differences and the extremes. The map well shows the general geographical distribution of attendance. In comparing the pressure put upon the school element by individual States to keep it in actual attendance, the pressure gauge is more satisfactory, for it provides a larger scale of comparison, and uses a single-element measure. It is a noteworthy incident of this comparison that within each of the ten graduations above 50, 75, and 100, respectively, are found groups of seven States each, as indicated along the lower three positions of the pointer; and that, further, the two intervening groups consist of just eight States each, as noted on the outside of the scale arm of the gauge. The real difference between the extremes—Rhode Island, with 127.4 days, and North Carolina, with 36 days—is much more clearly brought out by means of the pressure gauge than by means of the map circles.

SUMMARY.—Reviewing the facts presented by this study of the pupil element, it appears that the Southern States have a positive advantage in their natural adaptation to be benefited by a thorough application of the public-school system, because they have a larger proportion of the population of school age. This advantage is increasing annually, and coupled with that is the fact that the increase is more largely proportioned to the white than to the colored population.

Not only have the South proportionally a larger school element, they actually enroll a larger proportion of total population than either the New England division or the Western division; but in the enrolment of the school element proper they are not yet quite up to the other divisions of the country, although rapidly approaching them in this respect.

In the length of school year and in actual attendance

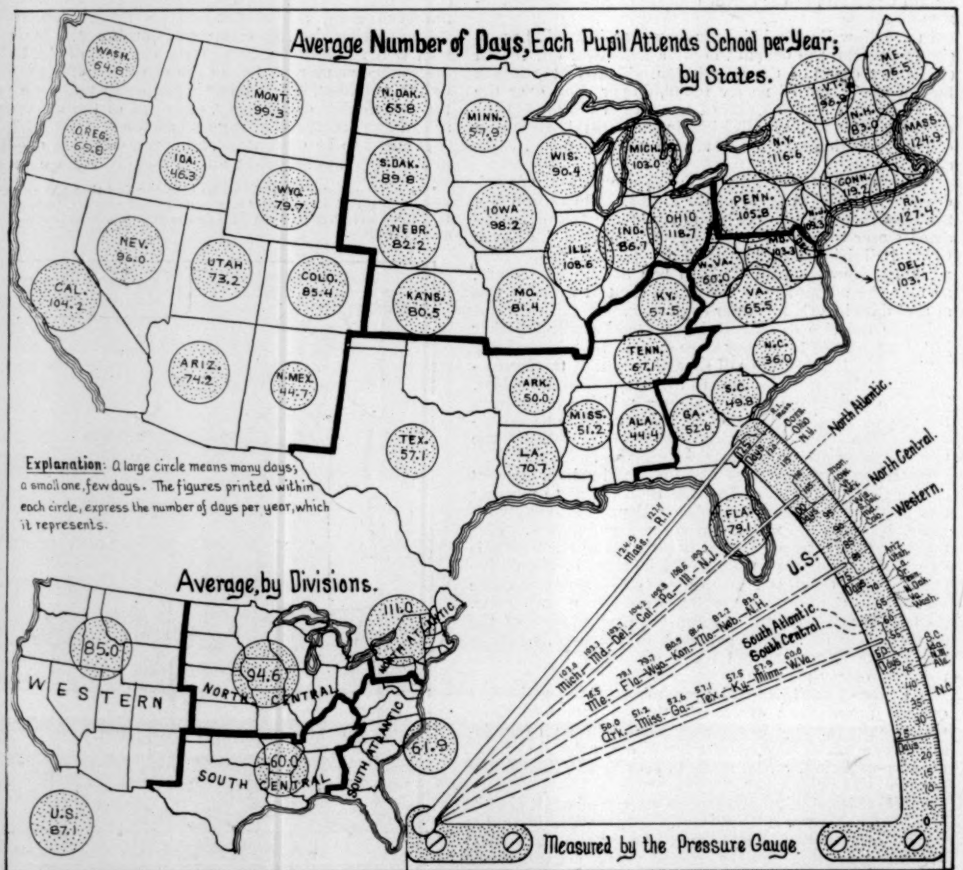

Illustration No. 8

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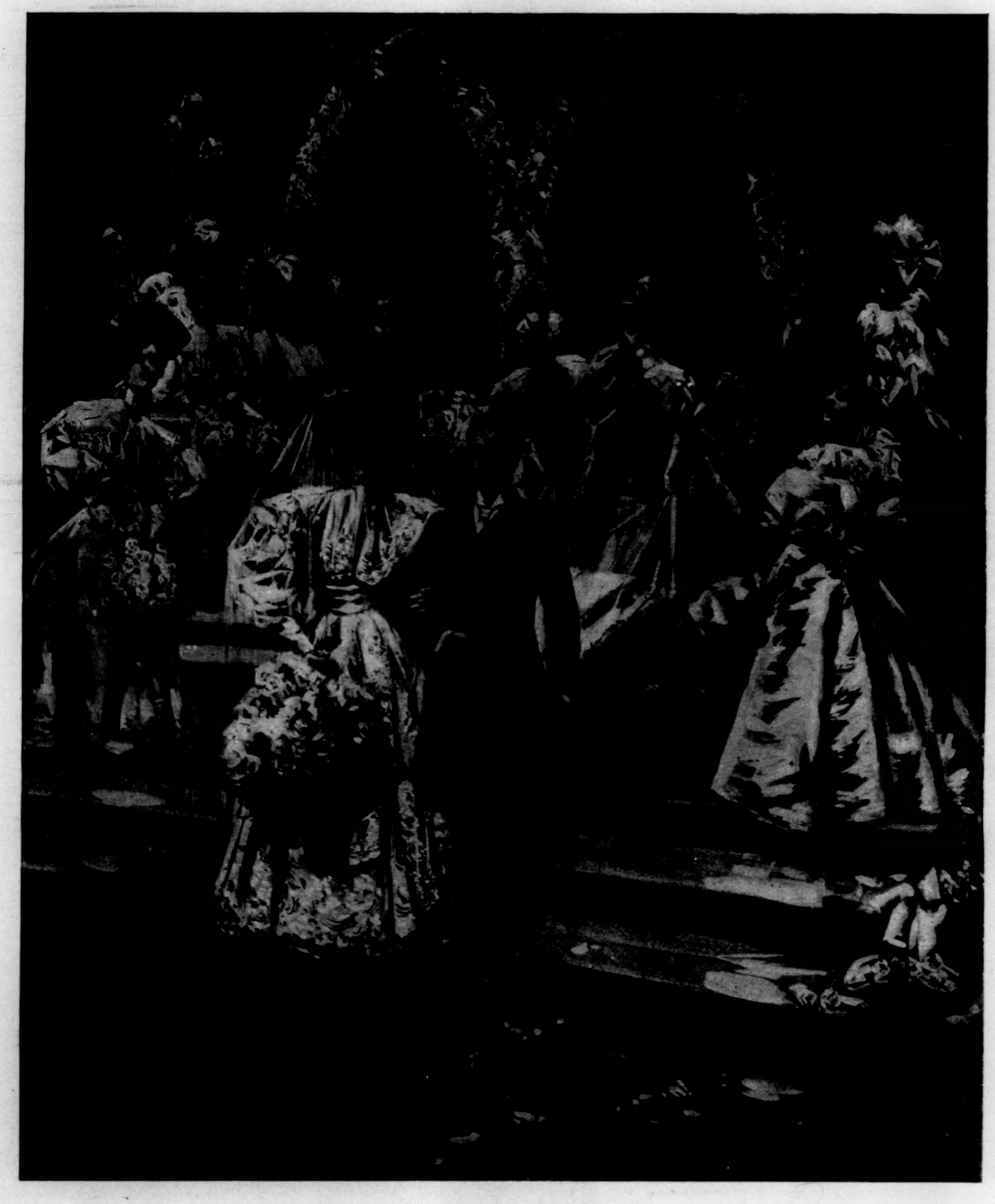
* The reasons for this decreased proportional enrolment are stated in the article, "Common Schools in the United States," published in HARPER'S WEEKLY of February 10, 1894.



THE VANDERBILT-MARLBOROUGH WEDDING—BRIDAL PROCESSION RETURNING FROM THE CHANCEL.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.

of pupils the South has yet a long step to make to stand beside her neighbors North and West; but she has the hearty good wishes of every friend of education throughout the United States, and every step gained in her admirable progress of the past has rejoiced their hearts, and every step gained in the future will be as heartily welcomed by them.

In respect of enrolment, the North Central division stands well ahead of all others, both in proportion of total population and in proportion of school population, showing that the benefits of the public schools are more fully distributed there than elsewhere. If, therefore, to reach a large proportion of school population as well as of total population with the advantages of common-school education is the chief end to be sought, the North Central division holds first place.

In respect of actual schooling given to those enrolled, the New England division is well in the lead, so that while the North Central division calls a larger portion of its population into its schools, yet it does not give as many days' schooling to each pupil enrolled as the New England division.

If the length of the school year and the number of days' schooling given to each pupil are to be taken as a measure of the benefits bestowed by public schools, then the New England division has easily first place. If, however, to occupy neither extreme be the really desirable position, then the North Central and Western divisions hold the vantage-ground, as will be seen by another look at illustration No. 7 and the record of the five several divisions on the "pressure gauge" of illustration No. 8.

THE VANDERBILT-MARLBOROUGH WEDDING.

A LITTLE after noon on November 6th Consuelo, the eldest daughter of William K. Vanderbilt, was married at St. Thomas's Church, in New York, to the Duke of Marlborough. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Littlejohn, assisted by Bishop Potter and the Rev. Dr. J. Wesley Brown, rector of the parish. The wedding excited a prodigious amount of popular interest. As early as nine in the morning crowds of spectators had begun to collect about the doors of the church. At ten o'clock the church was opened, and the guests invited to be present at the ceremony began to arrive. The church was so marvellously decorated with flowers and plants as to make a memorable spectacle. Palms and vines, garlands of pink and white chrysanthemums, lilies and roses, autumn leaves, ferns, pink and white cosmos, orchids and Alpine violets, and whatever else that was timely and beautiful the greenhouses of the florists could afford, were lavished in such an immense profusion and in such elaborate and beautiful arrangements as nearly to hide the interior wood-work of the church from sight. In this wonderful ecclesiastical bower were gathered by noon fifteen hundred of the finest people in America, including Governor and Mrs. Morton, in their best clothes, adding a highly edifying human interest to the brilliant show. The ushers who conducted the guests to their places were Messrs. F. Brockholst Cutting, Richard T. Wilson, Jun., Reginald Ronalds, Herbert D. Robbins, and Hamilton Wilkes Cary. For some time, while the audience was gathering, Dr. George William Warren, the organist of the church, made music on the organ. As he finished his programme the choir of sixty voices came out of the chapter-room and filed into their stalls. Then the New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Damrosch, took up the music, and continued playing various selections until 11.45. Just before noon the orchestra, accompanied by harp and organ, began the wedding march from *Lohengrin*. Mrs. Vanderbilt and her sons entered the church and took their places in the front pew on the right, and were followed by the British ambassador and members of the British embassy at Washington, who were escorted to the front pew on the left.

Then appeared the groom, accompanied by his best man, the Hon. Ivor Guest, and walked from the vestry and stood there waiting at chancel rail. A few minutes later the bridal procession came in. First came the bridemaids, two by two—Miss Katharine Duer and Miss Ella Bronson, Miss May Goelet and Miss Laura Jay, Miss Daisy Post and Miss Evelyn Burden, Miss Morton and Miss Marie Winthrop. Then the bride and her father. Behind the chancel rail were the officiating bishops and Dr. Brown, Dr. Rylance, of St. Mark's, Dr. Bridges, of Islip, and the Rev. Waldo Burnet, of Southboro, formerly chaplain at Blenheim to the seventh Duke of Marlborough. As the bride reached the rail, the choir, accompanied by organ and harp, sang the hymn beginning, "O perfect love, all perfect love abounding." Then Dr. Brown came forward and intoned the introductory remarks, and was followed by Bishop Potter, who delivered the charge of the Episcopal marriage service. Bishop Littlejohn then put the questions to the bride and groom, and receiving the bride from her father, placed her hand in that of her future husband and married them, with a ring and a prayer and a warning, according to the rites of the Episcopal Church, and in accordance with the laws of the State of New York. Then the choir sang an anthem, the benediction was pronounced, and the duke and the new American duchess withdrew, with her father and mother, her brothers, the British ambassador, and the officiating clergy, to the vestry, where they signed the register. When they came back the bridal procession was reformed, and walked down the aisle again and out, while harp and psaltery and sackbut and organ and all Mr. Damrosch's tuneful crew played the march from *Tannhäuser*.

And so passed off a very notable wedding, perhaps unequalled in magnificence by any wedding this country has seen, and surpassed by very few in the degree of popular interest it excited. Outside of the church when the bridal party reached the open air was a surging crowd of good-natured people, kept back by two hundred policemen. Through this concourse they drove away to Mrs. Vanderbilt's house on Seventy-second Street, where another crowd was gathered, and where took place the wedding breakfast. There then was another wonderful show of flowers. A Royal Hungarian Band made music; the hundred and twenty-five guests who were asked to the breakfast quickly arrived; whatever may lawfully occur at a wedding breakfast duly happened. Mrs. Vanderbilt's cook outdid himself, a spirit of cheerfulness prevailed, and the bride and groom in due time slipped away, and disappeared from the sight of a somewhat over-eager public in the direction of the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry. It was rumored that their honey-moon was to begin at Mr. Vanderbilt's country place on Long Island, and that presently they would make a wedding journey southward.

It was remarked that almost all the families of social prominence best known in New York were very fully represented at this interesting wedding except the Vanderbilts. That there should have been this exception is of course to be regretted, but aside from that the wedding was an exceedingly brilliant and well-ordered show, and gave slight occasion for reasonable criticism. Of the young bride only the kindest things are said, and of her husband it may without impertinence be observed that common report in this country, based on several months' observation, and the more intimate testimony of near friends, both credit him with being a well-balanced and well-mannered gentleman of good abilities and good habits. Whether it is profitable to us Americans to have our countrywomen marry British dukes is a question about which a variety of opinions obtain; but as to this much there is agreement—that if they marry dukes at all, they do well to marry good ones, and marry them young, and grow up with them, that their spirits may be the more at peace, and their days longer and happier in the land of their adoption.

BRITISH WAR-OFFICE REFORMS.

"ARMY reform is a dangerous pastime," said the Duke of Cambridge, in part answer to one of the many propositions that came up for what the mossbacks called "Prussianizing the army."

For thirty-nine years has the cousin of the Queen held the chief command of the armed forces of Great Britain, his assignment following close the end of the Russian war. During all this period his Royal Highness has strenuously resisted the assaults of the reformers, chief among them being his former Adjutant-General, now the Field-Marshal who will shortly succeed in the position to be vacated by the ancient Duke.

During the past forty years the military systems of all the Continental powers have been wholly reorganized, while the army of England remains unchanged in many essential features. Her system of military administration has been changed or reorganized several times—in the opinion of many, without advantage as respects economy or efficiency.

The most important difference between the old and new systems lies in the provision made a few years ago for a reserve, to be called out in case of need to aid the regular forces. According to the latest effective returns, the regular army numbers about 144,000 officers and men. The auxiliary forces consist of the reserve proper, about 80,000 men; militia and yeomanry, 136,000; and the volunteers, some 228,000—a grand total of about 588,000 officers and men. The regular forces on Indian Establishments number about 77,000. The arms and equipments are modern, strictly up to date, but precision in the "march past" is still an English standard by which military efficiency is judged, while the public field manœuvres excite a smile among the foreign attachés.

The outgoing Commander-in-Chief led a division in the Crimea (led it indifferently, some Englishmen said)—his only service in war. The year of succession of Victoria, the Duke entered the military service, not as a lieutenant, as did the Duke of Connaught, serving through all intermediate grades, but as a full Colonel at the start—aged eighteen years. Eight years' experience in peace sufficed to qualify him for a Major-Generalcy, and nine for a Lieutenant-Generalship. He brought to his office a conscientious devotion to duty and an industry that scarcely have a precedent. No man in England knows more intimately than the Commander-in-Chief all the details of the service. It is said that he personally considers every paper coming to his office in the Horse-Guards; at his desk at sharp nine, and seldom in bed before midnight or later. Besides, unlike most generals whose avoirdupois increases with their years, he is often in the saddle at the numerous military functions. His present tour of duty, which at first was intended should terminate October 1st, was extended a month, that he might complete some inspections of the forces engaged in field manœuvres—not in a carriage, but mounted and wearing all his togs; sometimes, it is said, even an umbrella.

He is the cousin of the Queen, and the dignity that doth hedge a king attaches in some degree to the grandson of George IV. It is more than probable that the murmuring against his tenacious hold upon the office would have been louder were he not of royal origin. But in some way pressure was applied—probably we shall never know exactly how—and in May last the Minister of War announced the intended retirement from command of the Duke of Cambridge.

But one can easily see that the force behind the cabinet was public opinion—probably radical public opinion, which the conservatives could not disregard. The British tax-payer is as outspoken as his American cousin. He declared that this royal octogenarian had outlived his official usefulness, and though willing to bow to royal prerogative in many things, it was insisted that that branch of the public service which absorbed one-fifth of the whole revenue of the nation should no longer remain under the control of even a royal Duke who had reached an age at which to most men the very thought of change is hateful.

The government took notice of this sentiment. That of Lord Rosebery appointed a special committee, Lord Hartington at its head, to consider reforms in military matters. The committee reported shortly before the old ministry resigned, and the new cabinet accepted the policy of its predecessors. A new Commander-in-Chief, though not specifically mentioned, was an essential feature of the new project. The obsolete military practice (the reformers resent the idea of calling it a system) must be replaced by something modern, and suited to the country's needs.

The military reformers in England, of which Lord Wolseley is the incarnation, press for reform *within* the army—removal of petrifactions—to be accomplished in part by means of new legislation. They know that man for man the English troops are inferior to the Continental armies in every respect save personal courage. It is this class who found the Duke an obstacle, and he retorted by calling them military amateurs. But these interior reformations and improvements that, carried into effect, would make each English regiment the equal in military efficiency of the Continental organizations, are insignificant compared with general reformatory measures proposed by Lord Hartington's commission. The proposition was to reform the Commander-in-Chief himself, by making of him what an English critic calls a "peripatetic cocked hat without real authority," to be known as the Chief of Staff. The present ministry has not adopted this plan in its entirety. They will retain the former designation, but propose to limit and circumscribe the powers of the Commander-in-Chief, and to institute some radical changes in the routine of military administration.

The existing War-Office system, of which there are three divisions, may be thus sketched:

The Central Office, the head of which is the Secretary of State for War. He has been scarcely more than a representative of the army in Parliament, though he exercises a nominal control of all military matters. As respects actual control, he is scarcely more than a cipher. There are two Undersecretaries—Assistants, we would call them—one permanent and the other political.

The Military Department, at the head of which is the Commander-in-Chief, assisted by four staff officers, who in this country would be denominated chiefs of bureaus. The scope of duty and responsibility of this department respecting military matters is about the same as in this country is exercised by the Secretary of War, the chiefs of bureaus reporting directly to him. There is no limitation upon the powers and responsibility of the commander, save that he must confine his calls upon the Civil Department for funds and supplies to the "vote" of Parliament, and he prepares the estimates. The whole patronage of the military establishment is at his disposal.

The Civil Department. This is presided over by the Financial Secretary, in whom are combined the functions of an accounting officer (auditor), and the direction of factories conducted on a civil basis where arms, explosives, clothing, etc., are fabricated. These supplies are furnished on requisition, and paid for out of the annual army appropriations. The annual estimates of the Military Department are consolidated by the Financial Secretary, forwarded to the Central Office, and submitted to Parliament by the Secretary of War.

The contemplated changes recently outlined by Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords, and which are to be definitely stated in a forth-coming "order in council," contemplate a very considerable extension of the power of the Central Office, *i. e.*, the Secretary, and a corresponding curtailment of the authority of the army commander.

This decentralization of the power now reposed in this officer is to be accomplished by requiring him, upon notification by the Secretary, to consult with the four military heads of bureaus—Adjutant-General, Quartermaster-General, Chief of Engineers, and Chief of Ordnance, we would call them. The commander and his subordinates meet as the Army Board and deliberate upon the matters that have been duly referred to it by the War Minister. It deliberates upon the measure, and advises as to the proper action, but it can decide nothing.

Over this board is another, to be called the War-Office Council, presided over by the Minister of War. It is composed of himself, his two Undersecretaries, and the five members of the Army Board. Thus would the Commander-in-Chief finally answer before a council composed of three civilians and four of his own subordinates. English human nature must be radically different from American if agreement were ever reached by a board thus constituted.

Army sentiment in England, as expressed in the service journals and the public press, is radically opposed to any such scheme. Particularly obnoxious is the Army Board. They ask, will Lord Wolseley be an actual substantive commander, when his orders are filtered through a board in which his subordinates can outvote him four to one, remembering too that these same subordinates are to sit in judgment as members of the court of last resort—the War-Office Council?

In the Duke's time there was an order in council appointing a similar body, but its meetings were few, and latterly there have been none at all—something like our Board of Bureau Chiefs in the Navy Department. The scheme was unworkable, the critics say, absurd, unmilitary, vicious. "You cannot command an army or a regiment on the town-meeting plan. Councils of war never fight. Everybody responsible to everybody else."

It is very evident that public sentiment, as voiced by the old and the present governments, demands that the civil element shall have a voice in army administration. Lord Lansdowne remarked—and the sentiment was echoed by his predecessor, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman—"The Secretary of State for War alone is responsible to Parliament, and it is with him therefore that the final decision in all army matters must rest." So the Commander-in-Chief and his four great heads of staff administration are to constitute a debating society. It is evidently intended that they shall decide nothing. Then the Secretary has his innings; his voice is heard. He is no longer a cipher.

While the old Duke remained it was hopeless to carry through such a measure, but he will soon be shelved, and the new man must accept the situation, just as some of our own generals-in-chief have when they locked horns with the Secretary of War.

The prevailing army sentiment is for a general staff vested with powers such as, applied through Von Moltke, produced the Prussian army of '66 and '70, and the counterpart of which is now found in the Prussianized French army. They scorn to countenance the idea of civilians sitting in judgment over the military.

So the cause of reform, both for the army and for the War Office, has triumphed, and we shall soon know if the Duke was a prophet. Lord Wolseley succeeds to the command under most trying circumstances. We shall see if he is to be reduced to cipherdom. His career as a soldier and as an administrator warrants the belief that he can never be a figure-head or the chief character in a farce.

AN AMERICAN OFFICER.

THIS BUSY WORLD

IN the Chicago *Record*, only a fortnight ago, Mr. Field expressed the opinion that "the vulgarity which has characterized every phase in the Vanderbilt-Marlborough affair has never been equalled by any performance of which the woolly West has been capable up to the present time."

It might not be unprofitable for Americans in the West or elsewhere who share this opinion to consider how far the demonstrations anent this wedding which they consider vulgar have been the premeditated achievement of the Vanderbilts and other persons concerned, and how far they are due to irresponsible forces which the contracting parties and their friends could in no ways control. A great wedding is not vulgar in itself. We have a record in Scripture of a marriage in Cana of Galilee where there seems to have been a considerable congregation of friends and neighbors, and where a person still of the highest social and ethical authority in modern Christendom did not hesitate to promote the joyousness of the occasion. In the world as at present constituted a duke is a duke, and a Vanderbilt is a Vanderbilt, and both are persons of social importance, and representatives of interesting and important facts. When such persons get married there is nothing essentially vulgar in letting them go off with a bang. It was proper enough for Mrs. Vanderbilt to give her daughter a big wedding in New York. If she had preferred to have the wedding held in private, behind the tall iron rampart of her palace at Newport, her choice would have been a great deal more criticised than it has been.

If there has been vulgarity about the Vanderbilt-Marlborough wedding it seems to have been forced into it from the outside. The immense volume of tattle about it has been vulgar, of course; the staring and crowding and gossiping have been vulgar; but the blame for all that lies with the newspapers and the public, rather than with Mrs. Vanderbilt or the Duke of Marlborough. If we had all been content to go about our business, and let this wedding go on without our connivance or attention, there would have been little in the wedding to complain of. The wedding itself has not been in bad taste. The vulgarity of it has been due to the vulgar—to the great herd of us, in San Francisco and Chicago as well as in New York, who are neither Vanderbilts nor dukes, but who have been very much interested indeed in the performance, and have kept ourselves pretty thoroughly informed as to its progress.

We have no Barney Barnato in this country, but we have a new man of another sort who is attracting attention. He is Francis Schlatter, the Denver healer, decidedly an interesting character and engaged in an interesting work, as every faithful newspaper reader must have learned before now. For the information of others it is enough to say that Schlatter is a German, who, until recently, has worked as a shoemaker. He was first heard of in New Mexico, where he was reported to have made remarkable cures by some unusual spiritual or mental power. A few months ago he came from New Mexico to Denver, and since he has been there he has given up all his time to treating the sick, who come to him in crowds. His treatment is simple. He merely holds the hands of the sick persons as they pass by him, and speaks some words to himself, apparently words of prayer. For seven or eight hours daily for weeks past he has stood up out-of-doors in front of the cottage where he lodges, and held the hands of a continuous stream of more or less afflicted people. He is believed and reported to have made many astonishing cures, though there is the usual amount of doubt about the quality and durability of them. Schlatter's character is good; he is sincere, and believes in himself and his calling and his power, which he says is from God. He thinks himself to be under the immediate direction of the Father. He is simple, unassuming, intelligent; makes no personal claim to superiority or authority, and absolutely refuses to take money for his work or to allow money to be made out of it. He goes to mass on Sunday and does no work on that day; but though apparently a devout Roman Catholic, he seems to be doing his healing on his own hook, without the advice or help of any one except, as he says, "Father."

He says that some time this month he will go to Chicago, and perhaps in time, if his vogue does not collapse, he will come to New York. He may be, as some persons think, a monomaniac, but at present ~~he seems~~ to be at least a good man. How long it will take him to become infested with spiritual pride or upset by his notoriety remains to be seen. The expediency of subjecting his cures and therapeutic processes to close scientific investigation has been suggested, but scientific investigation of healers of his sort is usually so inconclusive that only extra-sanguine people hope for much light from that source.

Although the discriminating Bostonian looks upon Copley Square as the centre of American civilization, he is by no means quite happy about it yet. He admires and commends the Public Library in side and out, and if he has any fault to find with it it is in the nature of criticism of a thing so good as to deserve to be brought just as near as possible to perfection. But he has learned to look upon the Art Museum near by as a garish architectural calamity, and the more he is proud of the Library the worse he feels about the Museum. He also regards doubtfully the structure which has lately been added to the east end of Trinity Church, and is not sure that the addition has been an improvement. "Richardson said," observes the *Transcript*, "that Trinity Church was to be regarded as a tower treatment. From this stand-point the rectangular structure at the end is to be regarded as an interference." Not only in Boston, but in all the considerable American centres, public opinion about architecture has grown immensely more intelligent, and has really come now to be important. Any architect who becomes responsible for a considerable building may expect to have his work carefully and unsparingly judged, and condemned with entire candor if it is not successful. To be in the boots of men who built costly buildings, like Memorial Hall in Cambridge, which have come to be pretty generally denounced, is a most unenviable situation. If the late Mr. Hunt had lived to hear all that has been said about his Harvard Fogg Museum he must have passed some very uncomfortable quarter-hours. The development of public taste is hard on some architects, especially in those who belonged to a generation when taste was cruder and less enlightened than now, but it promises to be the making of American architecture.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has given another million to the University of Chicago, and has promised to give two millions more between now and the 1st of January, 1900, provided that other friends of the university will give as much. Whatever sums are given for the endowment of the university within the next four years, up to two millions, Mr. Rockefeller will cover. That is a better offer than if he had said that he would give a lump sum of two millions provided another lump sum of equal dimensions could be raised. The total amount of his gifts to this university thus far (not including the contingent two millions) is $5,425,000—a sum that would help very materially to relieve the fiscal plethora of most citizens, but which does not seem to have brought Mr. Rockefeller any permanent ease. However, the appetite of a considerable university for funds is practically insatiable, and there is absolutely no fear that the works of the University of Chicago will ever be clogged with money, or that the university will ever fail Mr. Rockefeller as a profuse and appreciative recipient.

A very remarkable society which held its first meeting of the season in New York the other day is the Woman's International Maybrick Association. Its purpose is to get Mrs. Maybrick out of prison. Among the members of its American branch are Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Mrs. Cady Stanton, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Margaret Sangster, and Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison was a leader in the movement until her death, when Gail Hamilton took her place, and was exceedingly active in it until her recent illness. The persistence of these ladies in their effort is the more remarkable in that it does not appear that the object of their sympathy is a woman of exceptional deserts. They are battling for Mrs. Maybrick not because her record is any better than it should be, but because they believe her to have been imprisoned for a crime she did not commit. Their belief in this particular seems to be well founded, and now that the government has changed hands in England, and there is a new Home Secretary, they have good hope of finding him amenable to reason, and of gaining the merciful end they have pursued so long.

A movement that is suggestive of the increasingly cosmopolitan character of American society concerns the organization of clubs of English residents in America who are graduates of British universities or public schools. The plan involves an organization which shall include all the eligible Britons in the country who are willing to join, and provides for local clubs in New York, Chicago, Montreal, and some other large cities. The list of public schools whose graduates are eligible includes Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and Rugby, and some fifty smaller ones. It may surprise some readers to learn that there are enough British public-school and university graduates in this country to make such an organization worth while.

The correspondence between the trustees of the Boston Public Library and James McNeil Whistler gives promise of an interesting issue. The trustees wished to buy a decoration from Mr. Whistler for the library, but they wrote him some time ago that a lack of funds would debar them from that pleasure. Mr. Whistler, however, writes ignoring their fiscal disabilities, and telling of the progress he is making on the work for the library, and of the pleasure he finds in doing it. However the matter turns out, something lively is bound to result. If Mr. Whistler does the decoration, that will certainly be interesting. If the library trustees find the funds to pay for it, we shall have a notable bit of Mr. Whistler's work in art; and if they don't accept it, or fail to pay for it to Mr. Whistler's satisfaction, we shall doubtless have the benefit of a display of his gifts in epistolary literature. Either way there seems to be a treat in store for us.

The Harvard faculty at the opening of the college year voted that no musical or dramatic performances by students bearing the name of Harvard should be allowed except at places to and from which the students can travel in one day. This rule will not only shut off the annual winter tours of the Glee Club, but is understood to be intended to put an end to the Hasty Pudding Club's performances in New York during the Easter vacation. Inasmuch as both the Glee Club tours and the Pudding performances in New York have commonly proved to be exhausting diversions for the chief participants in them, it is possible that the new rule may not be so generally unpopular as one might expect. It will save some undergraduates a lot of hard work, which they have been used to undertake not so much because they liked it as because it was expected of them.

E. S. Martin.

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EUGENE FIELD.

Eugene Field died November 4, 1895. He will be deeply and sincerely mourned by thousands of readers whom he had made his friends and admirers. He was a sincere man, kind, industrious, using his talents according to the best light he had, without vanity, and apparently without affectation. By choice and conviction he was a newspaper man, preferring newspapers to magazines as the vehicle for his communication with the public. Almost everything he has written for a dozen years past has first been published in the Chicago *News*, or, of late, in its afternoon edition, the *Record*.

He wrote very lively and amusing newspaper paragraphs, and wrote them in surprising quantity. He also wrote about the best newspaper verse of his day, and a good deal of verse that was better than newspaper verse, and ranks as poetry. Some of his paraphrases of Horace are admirable, and convey the sentiments of the Augustan lyrist with great fidelity and felicity of expression. Indeed, his paraphrases of Horace are among the very few of the numberless attempts to do Horace into English which are alive. Many of his verses about children and for children are poetry, and rank with the very best of their kind. "Little Boy Blue" is a most exquisite example of pathos, running brim full, but never slopping over. "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" is as admirable in form as it is charming in fancy. These poems and some others are far more than merely creditable to Field. They are things to be thankful for—delightful additions to literature.

Besides these surprisingly good pieces he wrote a very great deal that was good reading for the moment. The greater part of his verse, as also most of his prose writing, was newspaper literature, very good of its kind, often surprisingly clever and amusing, but ephemeral. It seems probable that he had a greater audience for his verse than any other American verse-writer of his generation except James Whitcomb Riley.

Field was a hospitable and genial man, very friendly with his friends, ready to spend himself and his time for them, and ready to make new friends when opportunity offered and the material came to hand. He was as unworldly a person as one often sees, careless of externals, as indifferent to profit and loss as his obligations as a man of family would permit, and delightfully simple in his attitude toward society. To the present writer, who met him in London and was well entreated of him there, he seemed one of the kindest and most amusing and most sympathetic and least conventional of men. He was intensely and whimsically American, and even while penetrated with nervous dyspepsia he gloried, in theory if not in practice, in the worst abominations of American cookery. He was the sort of patriot who would have lived on pie and doughnuts in London if he could, as an example to the British. Yet he seemed to have no Anglophobia, and maintained the friendliest relations with some of the English writers and actors, and he gloried almost as much in a Gladstone axe that was given to him as if it had been an original hatchet of George Washington's. Few men have been able to realize as vividly as he the Jeffersonian theory that all men were born free and equal. It is impossible to think of him as ever overawed by any dignitary, or as giving himself airs of superiority over any human creature who had in him the making of a comrade. He seems to have been greatest not as a poet, nor as a prose-writer, nor even as a newspaper man, but as a human being. He was not very rich, not handsome nor imposing, nor particularly thrifty; there were defects in his worldly wisdom, defects in his literary taste, and defects in most of his literary work. Yet if there is any man in Chicago whose death would be as widely and deeply regretted as his, and who will be so long remembered, one would like to know who that person is, for his name does not suggest itself.

E. S. Martin.

ANARCHY IN TURKEY.

At no time in the history of Turkey has the situation been so serious as it is now. Armenians and Moslems seem to be about equally desperate, and both to have lost all hope of any succor from the powers of Europe on the one hand or their own government on the other. The Sultan is shut up in his palace, afraid of his life, for he is cursed by Turks as much as by Arabs or Christians. The Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, from whose ability and honesty much was expected, found the burden of a government which could neither command nor purchase the obedience of its officials or the loyalty of its troops too heavy for his advancing years. He resigned, and has been succeeded by a ministry of very respectable character and ability, but utterly inadequate to the crisis. The heads of the Christian communities are in their turn practically prisoners within their palaces.

Throughout the country there is already anarchy. The sturdy mountaineers of the Taurus, who only within a quarter of a century have acknowledged even a nominal allegiance to the Sultan, are in arms, and the city of Marash is in terror over the strife between these men of Zeitoon and the equally indomitable Turks. The massacre at Trebizond was only less an outrage than that at Sassoon, in that men only were killed, that the chief hinderance to the looting of the shops might be removed. At Ak-Hissar the local governor himself ordered the killing of fifty Armenian men, telling the Turks to spare the women and children for future distribution. There is a perfect reign of terror in the mountains from Trebizond to Erzroom and Diarbekir, and letters from the American missionaries at Bitlis, Marsovan, Harpoot, and elsewhere tell of personal peril, only to be avoided by incurring greater peril in any effort to escape.

In Constantinople itself there has been little or nothing done to quiet the people. A gentleman, thoroughly posted, writes that he knows of but one man who has been arrested for participation in the riots, when not less than two hundred Armenians, most of them absolutely innocent even of the possession of arms, were shot down, and he was released, after two days' confinement, only to kill another Armenian because he "didn't like his looks." The death in prison of a prominent Turkish lawyer and editor for presuming to criticise the government for its mismanagement, and the execution of eight members of the Sultan's Albanian body-guard, are indications of the prevailing feeling of hostility to the system that has made one of the most beautiful and fertile lands on the face of the earth a desert, and has driven from the capital almost its entire commerce and trade.

Perhaps the most serious aspect of the situation is found in the belief that is gaining ground everywhere, not only in Europe, but in Turkey, that the whole series of attacks on the Armenians has been ordered from Constantinople and by the Sultan himself, for the double purpose of getting rid of a people whom he detests and showing the European governments that any interference on their part will result in worse disorders than those they seek to remedy. There are many things that confirm this report: the absolute failure of every effort to secure reform, the simultaneous attacks in widely distant sections of the empire, and, most of all, the bitter feeling among those Turks who have sense enough to see that it is suicide to destroy the most industrious and prosperous class in the community. It would seem also as if the ambassadors had the same idea, and realized that nothing short of actual occupation by foreign troops would avail anything. That they hesitate is scarcely surprising. Winter is at hand, and the passes of the Kurdish and Taurus mountains are already covered with snow. To make a feint without securing complete occupation would mean massacre upon massacre. Moreover, no satisfactory plan of immediate action or of subsequent partition, such as must come, has as yet been devised, and China, Japan, and Korea appear as dangerous elements in the problem. So the English fleet lies in the harbor of Lemnos, the Russian troops rest in their barracks in the Caucasus, the ambassadors make daily visits to Porte and palace in the vain hope that some impossible solution may yet appear which will make unnecessary the bloody and costly war which all dread, and Turks and Kurds improve every opportunity to kill Christian men, that they may loot Christian shops and appropriate Christian women.

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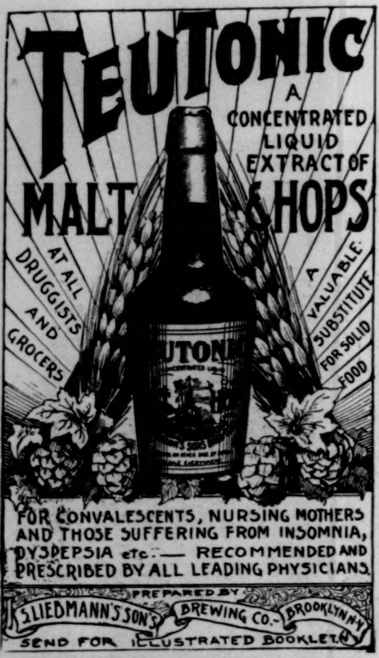

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AMATEVR · SPORT

THE QUESTION OF "FACULTY INTERFERENCE," so called, in college athletics appears to have incited both near and far a considerable amount of writing. Unfortunately for the welfare of sport and for an intelligent comprehension of the situation by the uninformed, partisanship has so dominated criticism as to veil the import of its conclusion. It does seem to be difficult for men to rise above the narrow vision that halts at the campus and to look the question of college sport in its broadest sense squarely in the face.

Mr. Gordon Blanding, Yale, '71, has delivered himself of a sprightly worded if sophistically designed letter, to which, through the San Francisco *Bulletin*, he has given general circulation. Mr. Blanding takes as his cue the below paragraph, which was introduced in a letter from President Eliot to the President of the San Francisco Harvard Club, to be read at their annual dinner:

> "Public attention has been specially directed to the increase in the Freshman class of Harvard College, because it is supposed to prove that non-success in athletic sports does not hinder the growth of a college. I have long been convinced that there was only a slight connection between success in athletic sports and increase of numbers. The comparative results this year at Harvard and at Yale afford an interesting demonstration on this subject. Sports of all kinds, athletic, musical, and dramatic, should be nothing but by-play at a university. If they are exaggerated, so as to consume much time and attract a large share of the public attention, they become injurious instead of beneficial to any university."

This paragraph, Mr. Blanding maintains in his letter to the *Bulletin*, contains two statements, to wit:

> "1. That superior excellence in athletic sports at any university is injurious and to be deprecated; and,
>
> "2. That Yale is now reaping the just reward of such superior excellence in her diminished Freshman class. President Eliot terms it an interesting demonstration on the subject."

IT IS TOO EVIDENT in these specious deductions that the wish to construe a meaning prejudicial to Yale is the unquestioned father to the thought. To my interpretation sounder sentiments on the college athletic question were never uttered than contained in that paragraph. I also see two statements, but to me they read as follows, viz.:

> 1. That there is too much attention given athletics in our universities.
>
> 2. That athletic success does not necessarily add to a university's attendance.

There is nothing whatever in what President Eliot says to warrant the introduction of "superior excellence" in athletics as a club for Mr. Blanding's especial wielding. Undue athleticism is what we are all worrying over, not superiority. Mr. Blanding's assertion that it is becoming "quite a fad" . . . . to "sneer at Yale's athletic record" evidently refers to the Pacific coast, which of course he knows better than we do. No one in the East has sneered or could sneer at so magnificent a showing as Yale has made in her various athletic departments. There is everything in Yale's athletic record—skill, pluck, judgment—to cause her sons to be proud of their *alma mater*. Only within the last two years has there been anything in the conduct of Yale's athletics to criticise, and this departure has been confined to football.

NEARER AT HOME, I REGRET TO NOTE the display of partisanship in the editorial columns of so usually judicious a commentator on college sport as the *Bachelor of Arts*. The publication, without explanation, of the two letters drawn up by Mr. Stewart of Yale for Captain Thorne of Yale and Captain Brewer of Harvard, submitted to the Harvard Athletic Committee, rejected, and never really sent to either captain, was rather trading upon the confidence of its readers.

I am much disappointed, too, in the narrow view the *Bachelor* seems to have of the present burning athletic questions. It can do so much for the cause that it seems a pity for it to waste any time in side and unimportant issues. It says President Eliot thinks there is "no use in attempting to have moderate athletics with Yale"—an opinion which seems to have its origin with the editor, for such an interpretation is the opposite of what is really wished for. There is, on the contrary, a great deal of "use" in attempting to have moderate athletics with Yale, or with any other and every other college; it is precisely what not only President Eliot, but all thinking, mature college sportsmen are striving at the present time to bring about. That the frenzied degree to which we were carrying our play was not only harmful to the sport itself, but having an exceedingly deleterious influence upon the general undergraduate body, has been thoroughly recognized in the last two years. The warning that we were making too much of a business of our sport has been sounded loud and often, and the question is too broad, and has too much depth and vitality and common-sense, to be drawn off into petty streams of biassed argument.

MORRISTOWN GOLF LINKS—THE "PUNCH-BOWL."

President Eliot is by no means the only man who entertains the views he has had the courage to express, and I have merely quoted him because his remarks are the ones at which criticism has been aimed.

The *Bachelor* errs in stating that Yale athletics, in President Eliot's judgment, "are the incarnation of what he believes to be an evil and a detriment to American university life." And it intensifies its error by adding, as its own opinion, "that to a certain extent this is true."

THE QUESTION before all colleges at the present time is that of lessening the intense interest and the bitter rivalry that have crept into our sport; of cutting the business element out of it; of making it more play and less business. To draw comparisons between Harvard and Yale so far as athletic exuberance is concerned is absurd. Whatever has applied to Yale has applied equally to Harvard. Yale has been no greater an offender in intensified athletics than Harvard. If Yale's athletics are the "incarnation of evil," so also are Harvard's. Harvard has maintained an equally hot pace for athletic glory. Methods of training have been as severe; *personnel* of teams no higher; studies neglected quite as much. They have sent just as many individual entries to the Intercollegiate Athletic Championships, and maintained as large football and baseball elevens and nines. They have striven just as hard for victory; used all their best endeavors; spent more money, in fact. The only difference between Harvard and Yale is that Yale has been successful and Harvard has not, and this is so not because Yale has given it greater attention, but Yale has inspired her athletes with a more determined spirit, been more consistent in her preparation, has graduated men more skilled in the various branches of sport, and perfected and developed systems more skilfully and to a higher degree than Harvard has been able to do.

MORRISTOWN GOLF LINKS—THE "IDEAL."

THE *Bachelor* SAYS, VERY PROPERLY, "that too much attention is paid to sports at Yale." And it could have added with equal truth that too much attention also is paid to sports at Harvard, at Princeton, at the University of Pennsylvania, and at Cornell, though I believe sport to be nearer its proper place at the last-named university than at any other. It cuts a lesser figure there. It is more subsidiary to the university curriculum than at any of the other larger institutions. It is nearer the *mens sana in corpore sano* standard, which ought to be and must be the controlling force at all of our colleges. To those merely seeking sensation, opportunities are plentiful in the comments that have been made by Harvard and Yale *alumni*, but when the present warmth of partisanship has cooled off a bit the time will be fitting for university faculties, and all those *alumni* nearest in touch with their college athletics, to act in harmony and with efficacy for the raising of a universal standard of sport for sport's sake only, equally applicable to baseball, football, and track athletics.

THE SUREST AND BROADEST means to such a desirable end are—by the insistence on every member of an athletic team keeping up his college work precisely as any other student of the university.

The rule now in force in one or two instances prohibiting play to a "dropped" man is not sufficient. An athlete should be allowed to "cut" no more classes than any other student. Again—by holding college games on college grounds (such a rule as Pennsylvania has just framed), with an admission fee of 50 cents, and no reserved seats to sell for more than $1. This will take from college sport its present attraction as a money-maker, and if there is not the money to spend there will not be the same extravagance in rubbers, special trainers, private cars, and all the other endless paraphernalia which we usually associate with the trained, professional gladiators on their way to the battling-ground. And last—a universal rule prohibiting undergraduates from playing baseball on "summer resort nines," football on athletic club elevens, and in track athletics from being trained and supported throughout the summer by athletic clubs with more money than consideration for amateur sport.

THERE ARE REALLY ONLY A FEW BROAD RULES upon which all the universities should agree. Undergraduates should meet as gentlemen, rather than as superlatively trained rivals that are kept apart like two cocks in a pit to eye one another from opposite sides of the arena with artificially generated hatred. They never meet socially during term time nor learn to know one another off the battle-field.

Harvard and Princeton were the first to take a step in the right direction when the two elevens dined together on the night of their game at Princeton. This is the spirit that we wish to encourage. If we can only get our college athletes to understand that there is something else to be done in their four years besides winning games, and that the men with whom they play are gentlemen like themselves, there will be no need of anxiety over the future of college sport. I have frequently said, and I am still firmly convinced, that the one way to ensure the best results of college sports and inculcate the spirit of sport for sport's sake is by the meeting of the larger university faculties and agreement upon uniform rules and measures.

I AM NOT IN ACCORD WITH THOSE who criticise what they are pleased to call "faculty interference." I consider sport quite a part of the universities' curriculum, and if it were regularly installed as such the present craze would be lessened and the future amply provided for. The manner in which a student conducts himself in sport, the amount of time he devotes to it, the rules under which he plays, are to my thinking quite the concern of the faculty. The faculty stands as sponsor for the undergraduate's moral, physical, and mental guidance. The trouble is that the faculties have not hitherto interfered sufficiently, or when they have interfered have done so blunderingly and with great ignorance of the subject on which they were attempting to adjudicate. I do not believe in stupid, unlearned faculty interference for the mere parading of power, but I do believe in faculty mentorship, especially where it appoints a committee made up of faculty and *alumni* advisers.

Which, by-the-way, brings me to wonderment at the recent disturbance among U. of P. undergraduates over their Faculty-*Alumni* Athletic Committee. Penn. owes its athletic exaltation to the unflagging energy of its present committee.

THERE HAS BEEN GOLFING APLENTY in the past week, beginning with the open handicap at Knollwood, November 2d, and continuing through election day with the matches at Tuxedo, Morristown, and St. Andrews. And

Ennis. Trevor. Robertson. Hodgman. Upham.
Pres. Kerr, of Lakewood.

Pres. Clark, of Country Club of Brookline.
W. H. Sands. Knapp. Pres. Reid, of St. Andrews. Walthen.

SOME WELL-KNOWN GOLFERS.

it has been good golf, too, the records for the links having been broken both at Knollwood and at Morristown, while W. H. Sands won the John Reid gold medal at St. Andrews with the really fine score of 180 for thirty-six holes. Sands also lowered his own record of 86 for the eighteen holes by one stroke, doing the last round in 85. He lost two strokes by driving into the stone wall at a home hole, but his bad luck there was more than made up by an extraordinary fluke at the "gate" hole on the third round, the ball hitting the target on the drive and falling dead at the cup. Stoddart, the ex-amateur champion, should have run Sands very close, and perhaps beaten him, but for the fact that his putting was far below form. It goes to show again that the man who can putt can play with anybody. It is only a phenomenal driver who can gain a stroke a hole upon an average opponent solely through overdriving him, while with really first-class putting the advantage will be close up to that figure. It is worth noting that of the seventeen who finished the four rounds, four men returned cards of less than 200.

THE MORRISTOWN OPEN SCRATCH COMPETITION furnished a surprise in the sensational début of James A. Tyng as a golfer. His name, however, is a familiar one in athletic annals. He used to catch Ernst on the Harvard nine away back in the eighties, and while in college invented the baseball mask. For several years he pitched for the Staten Island Athletic Club. Tyng played in a very determined and confident style, and started off with a rush by doing the first hole in 3. The worst figure on his card was an 8 for the tenth hole, which is perhaps the most difficult one on the course. The lay after the tee shot is apt to be hard and stony, and the hazard through a windbreak of forest trees is a nasty one to negotiate. A ball off the course generally has to be given up as lost, while a topped ball into the earth bunker or the fence means a loss of at least two strokes. Then the green is on a sidehill and the turf is unusually hard and keen. In the autumn tournament for the club cup two weeks ago one of the players at this green managed by a long putt to fairly hole his ball in one. But through some mischance the ball popped out of the cup and rolled down the hill again. The accident cost the player five more strokes before he could finally hole out.

IT WAS LUCKY FOR MORRIS COUNTY that Tyng played for the club (having joined only the week before), for the best that the old players could do was Shippen's score of 98 for fifth place. Indeed, Shippen is the only man among the older members who plays in anything like consistent form, and who can be relied upon to do the course under triple figures. J. R. Lowell, who won the club cup two weeks ago, made the especially poor showing of 122. Lowell is a powerful driver, but his form is wretched. He has a curious trick of hitching back his right foot as he swings down upon the ball. Now one may take many liberties in golf so long as his eye is in, but any uncertainty of stance is bound to prove disastrous in the long-run. Jasper Lynch, of Lakewood, seems to be working well up into the first flight. He was unfortunate at Knollwood in breaking two clubs. At Morristown it was the dreaded tenth hole that finally put him out of the running, a poor brassey shot landing the ball in the fence, and the sloping green being responsible for the rest.

NOTHING HAS BEEN MORE INSTRUCTIVE this season than Pennsylvania's brilliant opening and sudden mid-season slump, ending in the scoring of the Chicago A. A. against them, and the cancelling of the B. A. A. game on election day by the faculty. This slump has been the consequence of three causes—a preliminary training season, an unexpectedly severe schedule, and killing "training" at the order of a coach who seems to go football crazy. With a veteran team and only three places to be filled Pennsylvania had no excuse whatever for adhering to the system of early autumn practice, which all the other colleges discarded this year, but she did so, and the result was that at the opening of play U. of P. had a well-groomed team in hand, with the new scrub far behind. This regular team, consequently, was lined up in every match, the members of the scrub being given no chance. Last year the same policy was pursued at Pennsylvania, and successfully, but this year the spread of football science broke up all calculations, and the hard games with Duquesne A. C., Lafayette, Brown, and Chicago A. C. in quick succession brought the team to this pass that Bull, Wharton, Woodruff, Williams, Gelbert, Minds, and Brooke were, either on account of injuries or overwork, unfit to play, and the game with B. A. A. was forbidden by the faculty.

If Pennsylvania loses to Harvard this year one of the reasons will be because her men have had all the football worked out of them in the altogether undesirable effort to make a record of big scores. And I hold the Pennsylvania faculty accountable for permitting a coach to work his men like professional athletic slaves, and for allowing the game to depart so far from its sphere as a sport into a business of winning games.

UNFORTUNATELY, DR. WHITE, WHO WISHED TO CANCEL the B. A. A. game directly on the conclusion of the Chicago A. A. game (12–4, Penn's favor), was persuaded to wait and give the men a chance to come round; and thus, though B. A. A. had been advised that the matter was in doubt, the telegram actually announcing the default was not sent until after the Boston team had left for New York, the captain and coach of the Pennsylvania team resisting to the last. This was a great mistake. The advice of a medical adviser to a college football team should be followed at once and without question. Pennsylvania had already, through a mistaken sense of obligation, disregarded Dr. White's advice and played the disgraceful game with the Chicago A. A.—disgraceful not by Pennsylvania's fault—and when Dr. White finally exercised his official prerogative over the B. A. A. game the university was placed in a very unpleasant position. The best that could be done was to send over a scrub team, on which Knipe and George Woodruff were to have played; but though the B. A. A. manager agreed to this the night before in Philadelphia, the B. A. A. team refused to ratify the arrangement on the day of the game, and several thousand people who had gone to Manhattan Field were disappointed.

THE NEWSPAPER COMMENTS on this muddle—all the more regrettable on account of the high standing of the B. A. A. team—as well as the comments on a previous discussion between Princeton and Orange A. C., showed how completely the average sporting editor regards a college as an athletic institution bidding for public patronage. Still, it cannot be denied that U. of P. placed herself in a culpable light. Though default was unavoidable, the B. A. A. should have been notified at once, and Dr. White have been able to satisfy himself in advance whether he could permit his charges to play, and should not have allowed himself to be reasoned with. But the experience will be valuable to Pennsylvania, and rather expensive. I venture to say that next year there will be no preliminary training season, and the schedule of games will be reduced one-third.

ALSO, PENNSYLVANIA WILL PLAY no more games with athletic clubs except by permission of the faculty, and every other university ought to rule similarly. This very necessary decision was made by the faculty after the game with the Chicago A. A., of which I have already spoken, and of which it is necessary to say no more than that the umpires failed to do their duty, and that some of the Chicago players gave an exhibition of hoodlumism which has rarely been surpassed. The Pennsylvania eleven behaved most creditably under the infliction. The game should have been stopped at the end of the first half, but though John Bell wished to do so, he allowed himself to be over-persuaded by the coachers. Chicago was very strong, and as Bull was not playing, gave Pennsylvania a severe rub, finally scoring on a double pass when Brooke had run up to strengthen the line. Slater, for Chicago, did admirable work at half; U. of P. put up a wretched game, and was clearly in no condition to play.

Next year the games between colleges and athletic clubs will be few and far between. I should not be altogether surprised if when Harvard and Yale and Princeton and Pennsylvania come together again they will decide upon playing two games a season among themselves—*i. e.*, Harvard *vs.* Yale, Princeton *vs.* Penn., and the winners and losers to meet—and restrict outside play to a few practice games with the better of the smaller colleges. The day has gone by for long "schedules," and certainly one game a week is all that any eleven should be asked to play. This is most conjectural; yet such a course would at once put an end to unhealthy excitement, and leave only the healthful interest. By-the-way, in speaking of the athletic clubs last week, I inadvertently said that Wharton had been "secured" by Orange. I meant Oliver, who left Pennsylvania two years ago. The game against State College Saturday showed in Pennsylvania's improved play, the benefit of rest.

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN has again opened his mouth. Each time the noble lord speaks he goes himself one better, so to say. Hitherto his utterances have been peevish and simply annoying; now they are become insolent and decidedly insulting. There are no words to do justice to our indignation at his claim of fraud in the measurement of *Defender*. But it was so very considerate of him not to wound our feelings by such a charge while yet he lingered on our shores accepting our hospitality and proclaiming confidence in the Cup Committee and respect for American yachtsmen generally.

We felicitate the English press and the Royal Yacht Squadron on having in residence so valiant a gentleman and so thoroughgoing a sportsman to be exploited by the one and put forth by the other, as the representative yachtsman of Great Britain. Though the New York Yacht Club must resent the attack upon its honor by expelling him, and we shall not look upon his face again, yet we shall not forget the Earl of Dunraven. He will always live in the memory of Americans as the first, in a long list of *America's* Cup challengers, to have charged the New York Yacht Club or its representatives with dishonesty.

PRINCETON BEAT HARVARD 12–4, November 2d, at Princeton, in a drizzling rain and on a heavy field. It was unexpected, because to within a very few days of the game Harvard had shown much more effective offensive play and a line that was not enough weaker than Princeton's to counteract the advantage of more telling attack. One of the lessons of the game shows with how little real accuracy one can judge a week before what a team may develop in the last six days of secret practice. Princeton won because, generally speaking, they completely outplayed Harvard, but more specifically because their magnificent defence kept Harvard from scoring in the first half, and their spirit, team-work, splendid defence, and simple though thoroughly drilled and well-supported offense, proved irresistible in the second half. Harvard lost because the slippery ground was not favorable to their kind of attack, and the team lacked the spirit to keep together and play, when the game was going against them, the best football they knew. To particularize, they lost because their generalship was poor, the quarter-back slow, the formation on kicks bad, and several of the forwards wanting in individual football knowledge. Harvard not only exhausted all their tricks in the first half, but used them inopportunely. They came on the field loaded with tricks, and set them off like a bunch of fire-crackers. Whether this was A. Brewer's, the captain, Borden's, the quarter, or side-line instruction, the policy was unwise, just the same. There was nothing left with which to surprise Princeton in the second half, and to keep an opponent guessing is one of the essentials of winning football. Borden has enough to answer for on his own account, for he was so slow that rarely on kicks did the ball leave his hands before the Princeton rushers were through and up to him, and therefore down on C. Brewer about as soon as he received the ball. A quarter-back should get the ball away before even unopposed forwards can get to him.

THE WONDER WAS CHARLEY BREWER did so well, but what with kicking, despite two blocked kicks resulting in touch-downs and running and tackling, he played a great game, and Cabot was the only other Harvard man to keep him company. Fairchild shone once for a clever little run in which he kept his feet and head, but the backs had slight chance behind interference, which in the second half formed tardily, and which Princeton broke up with little difficulty. Except at centre and the ends, where honors were about even from first to last, Princeton outplayed Harvard at every position on the line. Of Princeton's three touch-downs two resulted directly from a blocked kick, and one by Sutor's fine 20-yard run around Cabot's end. Harvard's only score was due to a blocked kick by Cabot. It was a kicking game, in which both full-backs did their work well, C. Brewer a bit better in the first half, and Baird made an exceptional record for his first 'varsity appearance. In fact, Princeton's backs outdid themselves, Armstrong's line-bucking and tackling were very strong, and Rosengarten was into every play for a purpose. As for little Sutor, he quite outplayed the Harvard quarter, and made the most sensational run of the day, when on Princeton's 5-yard line he got the ball on Harvard's fumble, and, with a clear field, carried it to within 15 yards of the crimson goal, where he was overtaken and downed by C. Brewer. In the first half Harvard kept the ball in Princeton's territory for a greater part of the time, and but for that fumble must have scored. But in the second, after Harvard had scored on a blocked kick, the line went utterly to pieces, the backs could do nothing, and Princeton, playing stronger than ever, did about as they pleased.

HARVARD'S DEMORALIZATION WAS COMPLETE, and attributable neither to strange grounds nor loss of players, but to the lack of that indomitable spirit which reveals itself in uphill contests, which, whether because of traditional defeat or defective coaching, seems characteristic of Harvard teams. Princeton's play was good straight football, and their success due to a magnificent defensive game. It was not that they advanced the ball so much as that they prevented Harvard from doing so, and took advantage of every weakness of their opponents. Their offensive work was simple but well executed, and every play well backed up by every man on the eleven from the beginning to the ending of the two halves. The play was hard from first to last, but there was no unnecessary roughness, not a man was ruled off or even warned, and the sportsmanlike spirit of both teams exceedingly gratifying, Captain Brewer's refusal to accept a slight technical ruling on one play which would have given Harvard the ball being especially praiseworthy. A little more of this spirit in play and there will be an end to unseemly disputes and ruffled feelings.

Not the least commendable feature of the game was the previous agreement between Dr. Porter for Harvard and Dr. Bovaird for Princeton that they should withdraw a player from their respective teams when in their judgment his further play would be injurious to him. This resulted in calling off during the game several men who were neither "knocked out" nor "injured," as the newspapers reported. A similar agreement should rule at all games. Princeton undergraduates cheered Harvard, Harvard undergraduates cheered Princeton; after the game the two teams dined together, and all in all the day was a splendid triumph for manly, clean, vigorous sport.

HARVARD'S GAME AGAINST MICHIGAN, Saturday, which they just managed to win by 4–0, was notable chiefly for the very excellent work of the Western university, which played fast and strong, was especially good on interference, and proved how near the East and West are approaching in football science. Harvard showed a slight improvement over their game at Princeton in defensive play, but their interference was sluggish and ineffective, and they exhibited their costly tendency to holding in the line. Unless the line braces greatly, the ball gets into the runner's hands more quickly, and the full-back is better protected on kicks, Harvard will certainly be defeated by Pennsylvania on the 23d.

ALTHOUGH PRINCETON BEGAN THE CORNELL GAME Saturday with a very evident intention of winning with the least effort, they discovered by the end of the first 25-minute half that none but their best football would carry them across Cornell's goal-line. They did not, until the last few moments, play as they had against Harvard, while Cornell was infinitely stronger than when the crimson beat them 25–0 at Cambridge. That Cornell should have kept Princeton down to 6 points, and those made within a few seconds of the game's end, is commendation enough, and deserving, for Cornell works under great disadvantage, and honestly earns all the honor she achieves. The team played a strong defensive game that in some individual instances was brilliant, but their offence was not so good, and could do little against the Princeton forwards when the latter pulled themselves together. Cornell's ends, Lyle and Taussig, were strong, and Princeton could not do a great deal in that direction, but the centre was weak. Behind the line Cornell surpassed expectations. Wyckoff put up the best quarter-back game seen this year in getting the ball back, in kicking, in tackling, and in interference. Ritchie punted well, and made a risky but remarkable running pick up, and Beacham, among other good things, made the longest run of the game—twenty yards around Cochran's end. Cornell must strengthen her line considerably to make so good a showing against Pennsylvania on Thanksgiving. So far as Princeton is concerned, the game showed very plainly the weakness of the offence as compared with the defence. What there is of the attack is strong and well supported, but there must be more of it to win from Yale on the 23d.

YALE HAS AS MUCH TO DO in the next two weeks to escape defeat by Princeton as Harvard has to save herself from being beaten by Pennsylvania. From present indications, her attack is not strong enough to penetrate Princeton's line, while the defence is too uncertain to count on holding even the offensive work Princeton has already shown. Against West Point—28–8—Yale's offence was the best she has revealed. It was sharp, and supported by well-organized interference; in fact, the best interference shown by any eleven this year. It is these glimpses of what Yale can do on occasion that give her confidence in her coming on the field on the 23d with a very strong attack, and she will need it. But last Wednesday, with the regular team minus Thorne and Chadwick, against the Carlisle Indian School—18–0—Yale played a loose, listless game, did not really show superiority until the end of the second half, nor score at all until a minute before the close of the first. Even so her advances were not clearly made, and the Indians actually gained more ground than Yale, who was forced to play too much on the defensive. Against Brown, Saturday—6–6—Yale had not only to play on the defensive, but with her strongest team could not keep her opponents from crossing her line. Nor was the attack sharp enough to make much headway. Brown has a strong team, and plays good football, but that Yale is not up to championship form is very evident. It is apparent she has no real ground-gainers beyond the half-backs, that her play is ragged, and the team-work not up to its highest development. Yale will probably work up a strong kicking game, but her play against Orange next Saturday will give us an inkling of what she really will do when she meets Princeton.

THE CRESCENT-ORANGE ESTRANGEMENT arrived a few days before schedule-time, but with none the less recriminative detail. Now that the game is off and the newspaper war is on, we shall be treated to an elaborate and painstaking exhibition of "pot calling the kettle black."

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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DEPARTMENT OF STREET CLEANING,
No. 32 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK, OCTOBER 29, 1895.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED AT the office of the Department of Street Cleaning, No. 32 Chambers Street, for receiving and finally disposing of all ashes, garbage, sweepings, and other refuse delivered at the various dumps or dumping places of the Department by the carts of the Department and all other carts duly authorized to collect the same, until 12 o'clock M. of Tuesday December 10, 1895.

Forms of proposals, specifications, and contract may be had at the office of the Department.

GEO. E. WARING, JR.,
Commissioner of Street Cleaning.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE CITY RECORD, commencing on the 22d day of October, 1895, and continuing for nine days consecutively thereafter, of the confirmation of the assessments for opening and acquiring title to the following avenue, and street, in the following Wards:

Twelfth Ward: Naegle Avenue between Kingsbridge Road and Tenth Avenue.

Twenty-third Ward: 137th Street from Rider Avenue to Southern Boulevard.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, October 24, 1895.

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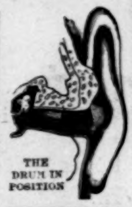

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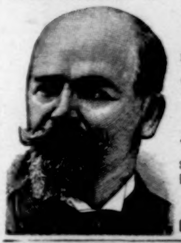

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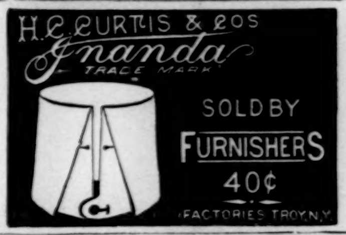

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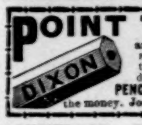

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